THE MOST NOVEL FOOTBALL COMPETITION ON EARTH

SHORT STORIES

EDITED BY G. ARTHUR PEARSON (OF PEARSON'S WEEKLY)

No. 508. FOR WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 24TH, 1898. [ONE PENNY.

"CADBURY'S COCOA knows no superior as a perfect food, and is absolutely genuine."
—*Gentlewoman.*

Cadbury's cocoa

The LANCET says:

"CADBURY'S represents the standard of highest Purity."

ABSOLUTELY PURE, THEREFORE BEST.

The ANALYST says:

"CADBURY's is the typical Cocoa of English manufacture."

IT IS "A PERFECT FOOD," THEREFORE BEST.

The MEDICAL MAGAZINE says:

"For Strength, for Purity, and for nourishment, there is nothing superior to be found."

CADBURY'S is not dark in liquor like those prepared with Alkali.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

BIRKBECK BANK

Southampton Bldngs., Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

Invested Funds, £10,000,000. No. of Accounts, 85,094. TWO-AND-A-HALF per CENT. INTEREST allowed on DEPOSITS, repayable on demand. TWO per CENT. on CURRENT ACCOUNTS, on the minimum monthly balances, when not drawn below £100. STOCKS, SHARES, and ANNUITIES purchased and sold for customers. SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.—Small deposits received, and Interest allowed monthly on each completed £1. The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with particulars, post free. FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, *Manager*.

Telephone No. 5, Holborn. Telegraphic Address: "Birkbeck, London."

ATLAS LOCKSTITCH MACHINE.

Works by hand or treadle. Guaranteed 4 years. Equal in quality and size to any machine. To ensure satisfaction, we will send machine on receipt of 5/- P.O. for ONE MONTH'S TRIAL. Balance can be paid 5/- Monthly. Caller write for designs and Samples of work.

39/-

THE ATLAS SEWING MACHINE CO., 188B, High St., Camden Town, London, N.W. 63 Seven Sisters Road, N.; 14 High Rd., Kilburn.

ZOX

CURES

NEURALGIA

Toothache, Headache, Sciatica, and all Nerve Pains.

PURE, HARMLESS, AND NON-APERIENT.

Do not be persuaded to take a substitute, there is nothing as good as ZOX.

Of all Chemists, 1s. and 2s. 6d. per Box.

ZOX Co., 39 MINCING LANE, LONDON, E.C.

NOSE MACHINE.

This is a contrivance by which the short cartilage of the nose is pressed into shape by wearing the instrument an hour daily for a short time. Price 10/6, sent free for stamps.

ALEX. ROSS,

62, Theobald's Road, London.

Opposite Bedford Row. (Est. 1850.)

Parcel free from observation

THE BEST HAIR DYE

in the World for Lashes, Eyebrows, and Hair on the Head, with Moustache and Beard. For Ladies' Hair and for all Colours. Had at 3s. 6d., post 3s. 9d., of ALEX. ROSS, 62 Theobald's Road, High Holborn, London, W.C. Spanish Cantharides for fallen hair, 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 10s. 6d.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

BEECHAM'S PILLS

FOR ALL

BILIOUS & NERVOUS DISORDERS,

SUCH AS

Sick Headache, Constipation, Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Disordered Liver & Female Ailments.

SALE NOW OVER SIX MILLIONS YEARLY.

In Boxes, 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each, with full directions.

Prepared only by the Proprietor,

THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire.

Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers everywhere.

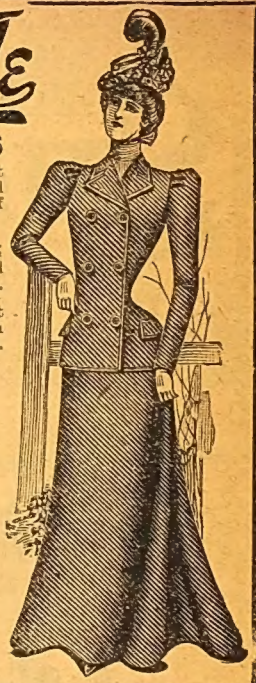
THE John Noble

HALF-GUINEA COSTUMES

LOOK WELL, WEAR WELL, and cost next to NOTHING. Promptly sent by parcel Post direct from the Largest Firm of Costumiers in the World.

PATTERNS POST FREE, together with New 84-page Autumn and Winter Dress and Drapery List to all who name this Magazine when writing.

A FULL DRESS-LENGTH of Cheviot Serge or Costume Coating, in which the Costumes are made (6 yd., 52 in. wide) for 7/6. Carriage 8d.



CANNOT BE BOUGHT IN A SHOP.

MODEL 990. A well-made and very carefully finished double-breasted Reefer Coat and Full Wide Skirt in the latest style. **10/6** Price 10/6 complete Costume. Carriage 6d. The Skirt alone for 5/6. Carriage 5d.

COLOURS of Cheviot Serge and Costume Coating:—Black, Navy, Electric Brown, Ruby, Grey, Myrtle, Fawn, Moss, Sage Green, and Purple.

The THREE SIZES IN STOCK of Ladies' Costumes are 34, 36, 38 in. round bust (under arms); Skirts being 38, 40, 42 in. long in front. Any other size can be specially made to measure, 1/6 extra.

NEW AUTUMN AND WINTER DRESS FABRICS.—A box of 1,000 patterns LENT to select from, and sent carriage paid. Prices from 4½d. to 5/6 per yard.

MODEL 978. A smart new design. well-cut Bodice, trimmed braid, Full width **10/6** tailor Skirt in latest design. Price complete Costume, 10/6. Carriage 6d. The Skirt alone for 5/6. Carriage 5d.

Bankers: "London and Midland Bank Limited."

Please name *Short Stories* when writing, and send order direct to

BROOK STREET MILLS,

JOHN NOBLE LTD., MANCHESTER.

For SNOW White LINEN ALWAYS BUY

NIXEY'S BLUE

FLANNELETTE BAGS READY FOR USE.

LARGE PENNY BAGS.

No. 508. ONE PENNY.

For the Week Ending September 24th, 1898.

A Cousin's Welcome.

THE *Mystic* had been at her moorings some little time, and quite a number of her passengers had disembarked, when a hansom dashed down the pier and halted at the foot of the gangway. Its occupant leapt out, and hurried up to the steamer's deck. He was a young man, tall, lithe of limb, clear cut as to feature, and conforming to the latest fashions in dress.

"How long's she been in?" he panted to an officer who stood by the entrance to the companionway. "Anybody gone ashore yet?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "Quite a number."

"Miss Murray," went on the young man. "Do you happen to know where she is? I——."

"There she is, sir, over yonder, by the rail, looking straight down among the people on the pier."

"That's it. She's looking for me. Much obliged," and he was off in a trice, pushing his way among kissing, handshaking, and generally embracing couples, who would have been quite embarrassed at another time,

All rights reserved.]

Digitized by Google

but whom nobody minded in the excitement of the moment.

The girl chanced to turn her head just as he reached her side. She had a sweet face, with large brown eyes, and the rich colour of an English complexion.

'Did you think I wasn't coming?" exclaimed Orville, tucking his stick under one arm so as to give her both his hands. "But I had a rush to get here. Well, what do you think of us?"

'Oh, I think it is all charming—perfectly jolly, we should say at home, but I suppose I must begin to break myself of that now."

She looked at him for an instant with an expression in the brown eyes that Orville did not quite understand.

"Oh, don't think of giving it up for the world!" he exclaimed. "Your letters have made me picture you as about the jolliest girl going. But we must be off if we're to catch the last train for home to-night. I'll see if I can't hurry matters with those Custom fiends."

But these gentlemen managed to delay their victim just long enough to cause them to miss that train.

"I think we might as well reconcile ourselves at once to spending the night in town. You don't mind, I hope?"

Orville snapped his watch shut, and glanced a little anxiously at that English cousin of his, to note if she might appear shocked at the suggestion. But there was no sign of disturbance in her face; there was even a note of relief in her voice, as she replied:

"Then I shall have a chance to get a little more used to you before meeting the others."

Again she looked at him in that odd way that puzzled Orville, but then one does not mind being puzzled if the perplexing factor is at the same time a fascinating one, as in this case it was.

"What luck to have her turn out so pretty!" he told himself. "And to think that she is going to spend the summer with us!"

Orville led the way to his hansom, and the next moment they were jolting over New York's rough pavements, towards the central part of the city.

"Well," began his companion, and looking up at him demurely, as soon as a pause in his rapid series of questions about her voyage gave her an opportunity to originate a remark: "are you disappointed in me? You know that we are doing a very unusual thing. And yet, somehow, I do not feel as if I had met you for the first time in my life only half-an-hour ago."

"Of course, you're not expected to feel that way. I'm sure I don't. I am not one bit disappointed in you. But do you really think you'll like it over here? You will find a good many things very different."

"But I haven't found you different, have I?" she asked quickly. "That is, different from what I had expected. I mean, different in the sense of my feeling strange with you. In other ways you are quite different."

"Oh, am I," laughed Orville. "That's good. Won't you be kind enough to particularise?"

"Well, you won't be offended now, will you? In the first place, you dress a little more—more stylishly than I thought you would."

"Dress better!" broke in Orville. "What did the girl expect to see—a tramp?"

"There, now, I was afraid you would misunderstand me; and perhaps I had got a wrong conception. To be sure, you are not a regular clergyman."

"Well, I should say not," laughed Orville; "but here is Madison Square. Isn't it pretty? And see that tower, in the garden over there. We quite pride ourselves on that. We'll be at the hotel in a minute now."

"I suppose you want to go straight to your room and rest," he said, when he came back to her, after registering.

"Yes; I find I am growing a little nervous."

"Nervous? Why, what on earth is there to be nervous about? We'll get a train the first thing in the morning, and as soon as the girls get hold of you, they'll make you feel at home in short order."

"The girls! What girls?"

They were ascending in the lift with the boy, who was to show them to their rooms. His companion put the question with such a suggestion of sharpness in her tones, that Orville stepped to one side, so that he might get a better view of her face. There was utter surprise depicted there.

"Why, my sisters, to be sure," he replied.

"Your sisters? Why, you never mentioned——"

But the lift stopped at the third floor, and the boy opened two doors on the opposite side of the hall from each other.

"Now I will go to my own room, and leave you to lie down and take a little rest," said Orville, as he handed her the handbag he had been carrying. "Then we can have dinner, and spend the evening in any way you like."

"Our not going to your house to-night will not disarrange anything in the preparation for the—the ceremony?"

She laid a timid, detaining hand on his coat-sleeve. She spoke softly, while a flush stole into her cheek. The boy had been tipped and taken his leave. There was no one but themselves in the long hallway.

"The ceremony?" gasped Orville. "What——"

"Oh, I suppose you Americans call it something else. But of course this delay won't interfere; it was very silly of me to inquire. But you are sure you don't want to draw out from the bargain, now that you have seen me? It is not too late yet, you know."

She looked up at him, mirth and gravity struggling for the mastery of her eyes. Even while he felt that the girl must be bereft of her senses to talk in such enigmas, he was more impressed by her beauty than ever.

But what could she mean? He could call to mind no bargain in which she was concerned. Even his readiness at repartee deserted him in this crisis. He hesitated, trying to catch her meaning.

A change instantly swept over her face.

"You are disappointed. I can read it in your eyes," she said, the merriment all gone out of her own. "I ought not to have come. I should never have consented to the thing in the first instance."

Her head dropped. She put one hand against the side of the doorway, as if a sudden weakness had overcome her.

Orville was dazed—stupefied. He had not the remotest idea why a girl, who was simply his English cousin, and whom he had gone to the steamer to meet, should talk in this strain. He feared that she might begin to cry at any minute; and Orville could not stand the sight of woman's tears. He felt that he must get away, at all hazards, and gain time to think the matter over.

"What nonsense you are talking!" he exclaimed in his brisk way. "Of course, I'm not disappointed in

Digitized by Google

you. You go in and lie down, and be ready to eat the dinner I'm going to order now."

He gave a rapid glance in either direction along the hallway, then bent over and kissed her on the lips. His intention was to flee then on the instant, but her arms were about his neck, and he was held a willing prisoner for a second or two. Then she broke from him, fled into her room, and closed the door.

Orville walked off down the corridor towards the lift, his brain in a whirl. He had counted on his cousin Celia and himself proving very good friends, after their long years of correspondence, but to have her talk as she had talked was altogether outside his calculations. He took out his handkerchief to mop the perspiration from his brow as he recalled several of her odd speeches.

"She must be touched here," he murmured, allowing the handkerchief to rest on his temples for an instant.

"There can't be any other explanation. She's been queer all along, ever since we started from the steamer in the cab. But her letters were always straight enough. It was odd, though, that she would never send us a photograph of herself. I paid her back though, for that, when I sent her a view of my back hair. What am I going to do with her now—sweet little thing as she is, too? What a thousand pities! I hope she won't become violent."

He kept on in the lift down to the office floor. He felt that he must have a smoke, to try and quiet his nerves.

Quietude was not long in coming. As he strolled about the marble corridor, and watched the wreaths ascend from his cigar, the strangeness of certain things about this foreign cousin of his seemed to follow them into misty space and disappear. In its place came the recollection of the sweetness of that kiss, and of the clinging arms about him that had followed it.

"Perhaps cousins are always affectionate in England, as brothers and sisters are sometimes here," Orville mused. "Still, it's queer I never heard of it being so. And there was that talk about ceremony. The deuce! Why, perhaps the girl expects I'm going to marry her. She wouldn't have let me kiss her otherwise. What could I have said in my letters? But, no—no! It can't be that. It's all with her. An awful predicament for me to be in, truly. But I must worry through and humour her till I can get her out to mother and the girls. They'll know what's best to do."

He finished his cigar, ordered dinner, and at half-past six presented himself at the door of his charge's apartment. She had evidently been waiting for him. Her smile of welcome gave him a peculiar, yet pleasurable sensation.

"I'm afraid you are spoiling me," she said, as they entered the ornate dining-room, and took seats at the table reserved for them. "We can't always expect to be so luxurious. And—and aren't you a little bit extravagant?"

"Perhaps I am," he replied, carrying out his idea of humouring her as much as possible. "But then, you know, you can only arrive in America for the first time once. Now, what do you want to see to-night?"

She arched her brows in perplexity for an instant.

"See!" she repeated then. "I am perfectly satisfied with what I am at present seeing."

She was looking straight at him. Orville grew red, in spite of himself.

"Thank you," he replied, "but you can see me at any time, you know. What do you say to a comic opera? There is a pretty good one at the Casino."

"A comic opera?"

She dropped her fork with a little clatter on her plate.

"Well, a comedy at the Lyceum, then?"

"But do you go to the theatre?"

"Certainly; why shouldn't I?"

Orville forgot his companion's infirmity, and expressed all the surprise he felt in his tone and look.

"Well, I know that in the Established Church the clergy see no harm in it, but in your case I——"

She paused, and Orville hastily interposed with "Oh, my case is all right; you can be assured of that. We'll call at the Casino, eh?"

"Of course, wherever you think it right to take me I shall be content to go," was the reply.

And to the Casino they went. Her enjoyment of the music was great, and in talking the opera over with him, Orville found her perfectly rational. In fact, from the close of the dinner until they separated for the night, he enjoyed her society extremely.

"She must be only touched at certain times," he said to himself when he reached his own room.

The next morning she seemed somewhat agitated in the train that was bearing them out to New Hope.

"What if your people don't like me?" she said.

"They're sure to like you," he replied.

"You are very good to say so, and I suppose I shouldn't worry over that, for we shall be with them such a short while."

Orville opened his mouth to utter an exclamation of surprise, but shut it again as he recalled his companion's sad affliction.

"As soon as I get her safe into mother's hands," he reflected, "I suppose it would be advisable for me to take a long trip somewhere."

He had telegraphed by what train he might be expected. When he drew up at New Hope Station, he was surprised to see the coachman with the dogcart.

"Why didn't you bring the carriage, John?" he asked. "We can't all three ride in that. You'll have to walk over."

"I thought you was alone, sir."

"I can't see how you came to think that; but never mind, run over to the house by the short cut, and be ready to take Rex. Then you want to come over for Miss Murray's trunk."

"I took that over last night, sir."

"You are certainly dreaming, John. The trunk came by this train. Now be off with you. Such a stupid fellow," he remarked, as he gathered up the reins.

It was a beautiful spring day. As they drove up to the house, a commodious structure, the family were seen to be sitting on the piazza.

"Better late than never," exclaimed Orville as he halted Rex under the *porte cochère*.

Just at this moment he caught sight of a stranger among the others on the porch—a woman, plain, and apparently thirty-five years of age.

"How did you come to miss Cousin Celia, Dean?" exclaimed his mother, coming forward.

"Miss Cousin Celia!" he repeated. "Why, I've got her safe enough. Here she is now. We missed the train yesterday."

He sprang out of the dogcart, and offered his hand to his companion. She drew back, while a look of perplexity, quickly giving place to dismay, appeared on her face.

"Cousin Celia!" she murmured faintly.

"Cousin Celia!" echoed Mrs. Orville, glancing from the occupant of the carriage to the strange woman on the piazza. "Why, here is Cousin Celia. She came

Digitized by Google

yesterday afternoon, and had to find her way out alone as best she could."

"Then who is this——" began Orville, the world and the things in it seeming to swim before him. But his own amazement quickly merged into pity for her who was placed in such an embarrassing position by this outcome of the affair.

"This is Helen Murray," she now said faintly. "A frightful mistake has been made. What must you think of me? When I remember——"

But she could not bear the recollection. She covered her face with her hands.

"Don't fret yourself about it," said kind-hearted Mrs. Orville. "Come, get out and rest after your long journey."

Orville assisted her to alight, and the three went into the house together. Here Helen Murray lost no time in making explanations that satisfactorily accounted for what, to Orville, had seemed to be mental derangement on her part.

It appeared that she had always been a close student of the habits and customs of the Japanese. Her greatest ambition had been to live among them. She had written an article for one of the reviews on the Japanese in England. It had excited considerable interest, and several letters of inquiry came to the author, one of them being from a certain Samuel Wescott, an American, who was fitting himself to be a missionary in Japan. One letter led to others; a brisk correspondence ensued: resulting presently in mutual confidence and eventually in an engagement to be married. The ceremony was to take place as soon as the girl arrived in America, after which the young couple were to start immediately for Yokohama.

She had expected him to meet her at the pier. He had written her that he had shaved off his beard since his last photograph was taken. When Orville came up to her so confidently she did not question his identity. She knew nothing of any other Miss Murray on the steamer.

"And now I must go away at once," she said, when she had finished her story. "I realise how foolish I was to come to America at all."

"But you can't go away till this afternoon, in any case," Mrs. Orville told her. "There are no trains. Now make yourself comfortable here. My son will send any telegram for you you may wish to dictate."

"Samuel will think I haven't come, I suppose," she replied, musingly. "Oh, I don't know what to say—what to do."

Orville knew very well what he did not want her to do, and that was to marry the missionary.

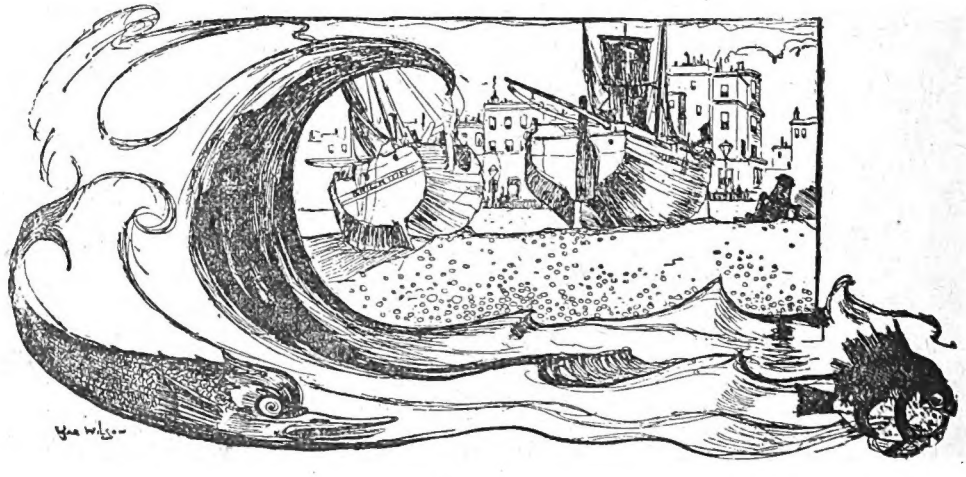
"Isn't she charming?" he said to his mother.

And when he was introduced to the plain Miss Murray, who was really his cousin, he wondered however he could have thought her letters bright.

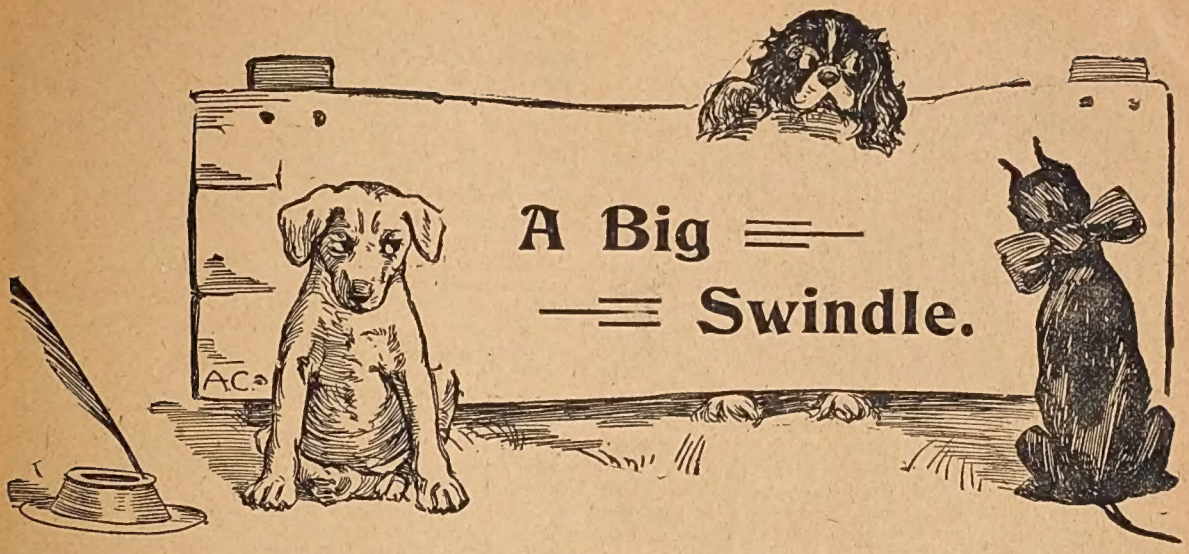
They finally prevailed on Helen to remain in New Hope till she could hear from Mr. Westcott, to whom she sent a telegram, announcing that she was there. He came to see her at once, but that she was disappointed in him was at once apparent.

Helen Murray did not marry the missionary. She had found sight a more trustworthy guide than fancy to lead her in the selection of a husband. While threatening to return to England by every steamer, she continued to stay on at the Orvilles', who were loath to part with her; and, from all indications, when she does leave their roof, it will only be to find shelter beneath another of the same name.

Arthur Middleton.



Digitized by Google



A Big Swindle.

Monsieur Bouloy was a broker and banker in the Rue St. Augustin, Paris. On February 5th, 1860, an elderly lady, in widow's weeds, accompanied by a young man about twenty-five years of age, who walked with a crutch and a stick, alighted from a carriage at the door of M. Bouloy's office, which they entered.

The lady, who was shown into the private room of the principal, introduced herself as the widow of a M. Duperre and the young man as her son Henri.

She assisted the young man to sit down in a comfortable position, saying:

"My son, monsieur, has the misfortune to be lame, owing to an injury he received when a child."

M. Bouloy expressed regret, and asked the lady how he could serve her.

"My late husband," she replied, "left some valuable stocks, and I am anxious to dispose of a part of them. My physician, Dr. Tocanier, recommended me to apply to you as a gentleman of honour, and one well acquainted with the best methods of transacting such business, and was good enough to send us hither in his carriage."

M. Bouloy bowed and assured the lady that it would give him great pleasure to aid her in any way in his power. He glanced through the window and recognised the handsome bays and the livery of the famous physician.

"These," she continued, drawing forth a large envelope from her handbag, "are what I thought of parting with at present."

"I regret to say, madame," he said, "that at present this stock is selling far below par. I may inform you, however, that it is liable at any time to take a rise!"

"That is just it, monsieur," she said, "and I desire you to keep it by you until such time as you think it judicious to sell."

After some talk M. Bouloy opened the safe and placed the envelope with its contents therein. While he was so occupied the young man gave a groan. The lady arose hastily and cried:

"Dear me; another of those dreadful fits!"

M. Bouloy turned and saw the lady with her arms round the neck of the youth, gazing, with tearful eyes and an expression of anguish upon her countenance, at the closed eyes and drawn face of her son.

"Ah, it is very sad, madame," he said. "What can I do for you?"

"Oh, monsieur," was the answer, "if you could procure him a glass of brandy it would speedily restore him."

"I will do it with pleasure," he replied, and left the room, going into the adjoining one, and directing a clerk to get the restorative. Then he returned to the private apartment, and said that he had dispatched an employé for the brandy. It was speedily brought, and the young man revived soon after a few drops had been swallowed. Then, with many thanks and expressions of gratitude, the widow and her son withdrew accompanied to the carriage by M. Bouloy, who then returned to his sanctum, locked his safe, and attended to further business.

Next day a M. Plat visited M. Bouloy, and the latter gentleman, knowing that the former had a short time before held a large amount of the stock which Madame Duperre desired to sell, asked his visitor what he had done with it.

"Why," said he, "I hold it still, and should be glad to have more of it."

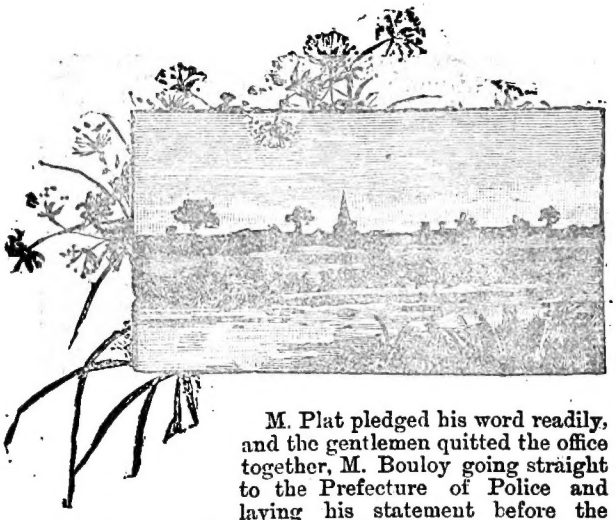
Then M. Bouloy said he had a large quantity of it to sell, and M. Plat asked to see it. M. Bouloy opened his safe and took out the envelope. On opening it, his astonishment was great when he found inside a lot of blank script.

"What means this?" he exclaimed as he examined the worthless stuff. Then he turned towards the safe and began nervously to remove its contents. "I am robbed!" he cried. "Robbed of over a million francs in notes of the Bank of France. I was directed by General Thomet to realise for him on valuable securities, and to keep the proceeds at hand to give him at a moment's notice, and I am robbed of all. I am a ruined man!"

"Have you any clue to the thief?" asked M. Plat.

"I am dazed—I cannot think," was the answer. "I will at once consult the police. I beg that you will say nothing of the affair to anyone."

Digitized by Google



M. Plat pledged his word readily, and the gentlemen quitted the office together, M. Bouloy going straight to the Prefecture of Police and laying his statement before the chief there. Roquepine, a famous detective, was called in, and all the facts were disclosed to him.

"It is all very clear to me, monsieur," said the detective. "Madame Duperre and her son are the thieves, without doubt. The fainting fit was a *ruse*, and the request for brandy was made with the hope that you would quit the room and leave them alone with the safe. The groan and the fit came on just as you had placed the envelope in the safe, and before you had time to secure it, and the package of money was abstracted."

"But how did the thieves know the money was there?" asked M. Bouloy.

"At present that is hard to say, but by-and-bye the question may be answered," the detective replied.

"But they came in Dr. Tocanier's carriage," said the banker, "and said they were recommended to me by him. He is my physician and an intimate friend."

After further talk M. Bouloy departed, and soon after his arrival at his office he was joined by Roquepine. The latter examined the safe, listened anew to the recital of all the facts, and departed.

He first went to the residence of Dr. Tocanier, and found that gentleman at home. As he related to the doctor the circumstances of the visit of the lady calling herself Madame Duperre, and the young man whom she represented as her son, to the office of M. Bouloy, and the subsequent disappearance of the money from the safe, the doctor's astonishment grew beyond description.

"I had never seen the lady or young man before," he said. "She represented that she had been recommended to consult me as to the fainting-fits to which she said the young man was subject, and after questioning him I prescribed for him. They were about to take their leave, when the young man was seized with a fit. The lady seemed almost distracted with grief, and appeared most anxious to get her son home.

"'How ever shall I get him home?' she exclaimed, 'for, to tell you the truth, doctor, I am too poor to hire a vehicle.'

"My carriage was at the door, and what could I do less than place it at their disposal? It was accepted with thanks, and, out of delicacy, I told the coachman to receive his instructions from the lady."

Dr. Tocanier summoned the coachman and questioned him. He said that he was first directed to drive to the Rue de la Paix, and that the lady requested him to take them to the office of M. Bouloy, in the Rue St. Augustin. There they alighted, and he was asked to await their return. As he had been directed by Dr. Tocanier to receive his instructions from the lady he thought that it was all right. When they returned to the carriage the lady directed him to drive to the Rue d'Enghien, soon after turning into which they alighted, and he saw them no more.

The detective was more puzzled than ever. These persons had evidently been cleverly disguised, and probably the lameness of the young man had been assumed for the occasion. They were not likely to go in company again, and he might search months in a vain effort to come across either one of them.

Then another thought struck him. The stock which had deceived M. Bouloy was probably counterfeit. Were this lady and this young man connected with a gang of forgers? Supposing they were, in what direction must he look for the outlaws? One thing the detective thought was certain—namely, that by some means they must have known what valuable property was in the safe. Another thing seemed equally clear, namely, that they must have known the position of the safe.

Roquepine made his way once more to see the envelope and its contents. He examined these mementoes of the crime with great care, and he made a discovery. Inside the flap of the envelope were a few figures in pencil. They were very indistinct, but with the use of a powerful lens, Roquepine made them out thus:

17,400 francs.
270 „

17,670

Now the question was, what did these figures signify? To what did they relate? The detective copied them, meditated over them far into the night. He reached no satisfactory conclusion. Next day he went to see M. Bouloy.

"Monsieur," he said, "what do you think those figures mean?"

"It is very hard to say," was the reply. "All that strikes me is that it is an addition of 17,400 francs and 270 francs."

"Under what circumstances would you add figures together in that way?" the detective asked.

M. Bouloy smiled.

"How could I tell?" said he. "Under any circumstances, when I wished to reach the amount of two numbers."

"When do you do this kind of sum most frequently, monsieur?" was the next question.

"When I am adding the interest to the principal," was the answer.

"That is it!" exclaimed the officer. "Now I have it. One or the other of these parties had 17,400 francs on deposit somewhere, and, on drawing it, they put the figures down and added the interest. I have a clue at last."

Roquepine went on a tour of the banks where deposits were usually made. In the Rue de Maubeuge he found a small private bank, the cashier of which told him that on January 26, 1860, Madame Fourcy had drawn from the bank the sum of 17,400 francs, leaving on deposit

Digitized by Google

1,237 francs, and that the interest due to her on the whole deposit was 270 francs and some centimes.

"Where does Madame Fourcy reside?" asked the officer.

"Her address, as given to us, is No. 9, Rue de Laval," was the answer.

"Did she usually come herself to the bank?" asked the detective.

"She came herself, as a rule, but she was sometimes accompanied by a young man," the cashier replied.

"Many thanks, monsieur," said Roquepine, and departed.

As he went along the street, he said to himself, "Now I think I am on the track."

He went to the Prefecture of Police and reported progress. Accompanied by another officer, he visited the Rue de Laval. No. 9, Madame Fourcy's residence, was a respectable, well-kept dwelling. Roquepine rang the bell.

Was Madame Fourcy at home? No. Was the young gentleman at home? No. When was either expected? The domestic did not know, but thought both would be in soon.

The detectives watched, one at each end of the street. Presently a well-built, good-looking young man, dressed very becomingly, came along. Roquepine strolled after him. He went up the steps of No. 9. As he entered the door with a latchkey Roquepine was upon him with a revolver to his head.

"You are my prisoner," said the officer; "offer no resistance, or it will be worse for you." He offered none, for a very good reason. He was so utterly amazed and taken aback that he became as limp as a wet rag. Roquepine put handcuffs upon him and led him into a side room, closing the door so as to leave it slightly ajar.

In a few seconds there came a ring at the bell. The domestic's footsteps were heard, and the door was opened. The next instant there was a scuffle, and Roquepine knew that his assistant was doing his part of the work. But a prolonged struggle and many screams in a woman's voice were heard before a well-dressed elderly woman was forced against the door and into the parlour, the officer grasping her by the wrists and preventing her, so far as he was able, from biting him.

The two prisoners were made to sit down, and, while his assistant stood guard over them, Roquepine searched the house.

The domestic, who appeared to be an innocent young person, was greatly alarmed at what had happened, and was hastily preparing to leave the house. Roquepine marched her into the parlour, and placed her in charge of the officer on duty there. Papers were seized, and Roquepine, calling a cab, conducted the woman and the young man to the Prefecture of Police, leaving the other officer in care of the house.

Investigations showed that the young man, whose name was Frederick, was in reality the son of the woman known as Madame Fourcy. He had been for some time in the employ of General Thomet as private secretary, and had thus become acquainted with the fact that M. Bouloy had converted the general's stock into money, and that it was in the safe awaiting the general's pleasure. As soon as the letter informing the general of the fact came into young Fourcy's hands he conceived the idea of getting possession of the money. How to do it, however, was the difficulty. As a preliminary measure, and to prolong the time for consideration, he poured into the usual noonday cup of coffee of the general a drop of a powerful drug, which brought on a sudden and violent attack of dysentery. Then the young man's active brain concocted a scheme which his mother, a very unscrupulous woman, readily undertook to aid him in executing.

The following day the general was too ill to go out and, at his own suggestion, the secretary visited M. Bouloy to inform him that the general would call upon him probably the next day or the day after. He carefully noted the position of the safe, and then immediately went home and, assuming the disguise which he had prepared, departed with his mother, also thoroughly disguised, to carry out the plot they had devised. The fact that Dr. Tocanier was the general's medical attendant, and always drove about in a handsome carriage, suggested to young Fourcy the first part of the programme.

The money was recovered, and mother and son convicted of the robbery and sentenced to terms of penal servitude.

R. Allen.

Digitized by Google

NOT WANTED.

A STORY FROM REAL LIFE.

No; there didn't seem to be any more use for him, in this world at any rate. You see he was old and shaky—both in mind and body, his daughter used to say, when she thought the deaf old man couldn't hear her. But he did catch what she said sometimes, and his poor, dim eyes would grow dimmer for a moment with a mist that used to clear away in two or three big drops that trickled through his thin, big-jointed fingers, as he rested his poor puzzled head on his hands and tried to think why things should be as they were.

They had not always been so. The last ten years of his life were only a confused, blurred sort of picture to him—something like a landscape seen through a telescope out of focus. But beyond them the mists cleared away and the afterglow of a sun that had set for ever lit up a pleasant land whose paths he had trodden with firm tread, and whose vales had echoed with the clear, strong notes of his manhood's life-song.

Yes; life had been a very different matter with him then. He did good work in the factory, and made good money by it, and he had a nice little sum saved up for the rainy days that had come so quickly. That was before Joe Buckley, his daughter's husband, had persuaded him to take it out of the bank and put it into the rotten building society that had only given him back half-a-crown for every hardly-spared pound he had trusted it with.

It was true that Joe and 'Lina had taken him in and promised him a home for life when "t'owd woman" died and took the last of the earth's sunshine with her to Heaven; but that arrangement had not worked somehow.

It was only the stubborn Lancashire pride that kept them from letting him drift into the union, and now things had got so bad that every now and then his dull ears, quickened by a deadly fear, would catch fragments of such sayings as Joe let fall that last fatal day when he came home at dinner time and bluntly told his wife that he had "had a row wi' t' gaffer, and wasn't going back to work."

It was in the angry discussion that followed between Joe and his wife, that Joe let fall the cruel words which broke the old man's cowering spirit for good, and brought home to his fast-clouding mind the one clear, terrible truth that "he wasn't wanted."

"Thou'rt a great lazy lout, and tha'll never stir thysel' to keep a job while tha thinks thy wife 'll work to feed thee."

That was what 'Lina almost screamed at him in her anger and despair at the dreadful prospect of a wageless Saturday, and the hard words roused Joe's blood, and he struck the table and shouted:

"Howd thy lip! I'll work when I like and play when I like. There'd be plenty to eat till I'm workin' again if we didna waste brass feedin' them as should be in t' union!"

In the silence that followed Joe's outburst the angry man and woman heard a little broken moan, and saw the old man's shrivelled frame shrink smaller in the bare, high-backed arm-chair, where he sat blinking through the mist in his eyes at the flickering fire.

'Lina felt a pain at her heart for a moment, for he was her father, after all; and Joe went rather aimlessly into the back kitchen, as if to end the discussion, but in half-an-hour the cruel words were forgotten except by the one who was not intended to hear them.

The Union! No, he was old and poor and helpless, and nobody in the world seemed to want him any more, but there was somewhere better than that if he really had to go. It was a fine afternoon, and he thought he would go out for a bit and try and think about it.

It was no intention of his that took him past the workhouse on the outskirts of the town. He only wanted to get into the fields beyond, down there by the river. He could think better there, for the river banks were part of the picture that he could see so clearly when he looked back at the time beyond the mists.

But as he passed that great, cold building, with its high walls and narrow, barred windows, he turned his head away with a shudder, and looked towards the river, sparkling in the bright September sun. He tottered on down the road, stopping every now and then to lean upon his stick while he took fresh breath, and so, by slow stages, he made his way out of the town and nearly half-a-mile along the field-path till he came to the shaky little foot-bridge which crossed the river just above the weir.

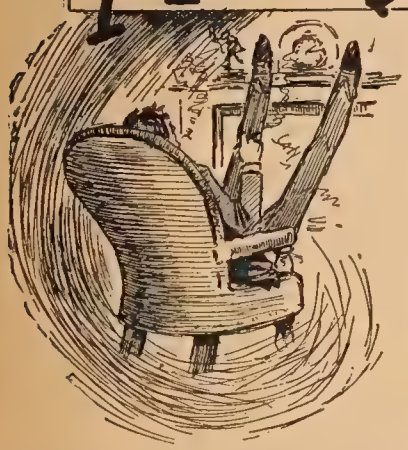
There had often been a talk about repairing the broken hand rail of the bridge, and many a one had said that somebody would be drowned through it before it was mended. So it happened that there was quite an outcry when old Binns Hedle's body was found down by the weir the next morning.

It was a sad business, they all said, but, after all, "t' owd mon's time was very nigh," as a gossip said to 'Lina on the day of the funeral over the cake and cheap wine, and perhaps she was right. Nobody missed 'Lina's father after a week or so, and that would not have been the case if some promising lad or lass, or the bread-winner of a family, had stumbled through the rickety hand-rail into the deep, dark water in which the poor old fellow who wasn't wanted in this world had found his way to the next.

G. H. P.

Digitized by Google

HOMESPUN YARNS



By LEVIN CARNAC.

No. 2.

A VILLAGE ROMANCE.

In the summer of '95, being weary for the time of foreign travel, I decided to spend the early weeks of the autumn in renewing my acquaintance with the pastoral beauties of the Western counties, which four hundred years ago were the Debatable Land of the Welsh border, and in due course I found myself located for a few days in a pretty, out-of-the-way little village, lying about half a day's walk from the spot where William of Longland sat in the olden time on the western slopes of the Cotswolds and dreamed the vision of Piers Ploughman.

It was while I was examining the old brasses and time-worn tombs of an ancient church that I made the acquaintance of the narrator of the tale which I am about to relate. He was the rector of the parish, and as fine a specimen of the English country parson as one would meet with in a long day's march.

Of course he was in love with the antiquities of his own church, and an interesting discussion of these, in which he did most of the talking, resulted in an improvement of our acquaintance, and a request that he should lunch with me at my inn and join me in my afternoon exploration of one of the neighbouring valleys.

He accepted, and during the meal our conversation turned on the somewhat well-worn topic of the relative merits of town and country life. When we got out into the fields, he took up the thread of our discussion again, replying to a statement that I had hazarded as to the lack of human interest in the life of isolated villages.

"I grant you," said he, "that in such a place as this, for instance, we lack the intense interest which springs from the complicated conditions of life in great towns, but we villagers are by no means without both tragedies and comedies, which, though played on a smaller stage and by fewer characters, are just as full of pathos as the dramas of town society. If you like I will tell you of one that was played out a few years ago in what is now my own parish. As it turned out it was all comedy, but it might easily have become a tragedy for all that."

"Nothing I should like better," I replied, and without further introduction he began the story which is set out here as he told it to me during that afternoon ramble.

"About ten years ago a young lady artist took up her quarters in the village down yonder for the purpose of studying rural scenery from nature, and after a while she found the time hang so heavily on her hands that, for lack of better diversion, she started a flirtation with an unworldly curate, who some two years before had come from Oxford to try his 'prentice hand on the villagers of Arden-on-Severn.

"He was an impressionable man of about thirty-three, younger than his years, fairly good-looking, and interesting withal. At least, so the fair artist seemed to find him, for she certainly allowed the affair to go beyond the limits of a mere casual flirtation. In fact, I am afraid I must say that either she was much more in earnest about it than he gave her any reason to be, or else she was making a most unjustifiable use of her opportunities for amusing herself at his expense.

"For his part I am able to say that he was perfectly heart-whole when she had done her worst. He had no thought of making love to anyone, and moreover she was by no means the sort of girl who would have attracted him under any circumstances. He had simply extended to her the usual courtesies demanded by the occasion; but these, whether for amusement or some more serious reason, she chose to exaggerate into the attentions of an undeclared lover.

"After a month or so of innocent dalliance on his part and what may have been serious enterprise on hers, he woke to the uncomfortable conviction that the young lady was beginning to look upon him as the lawful captive of her bow and spear, and, being in no wise disposed to regard himself as such, he gave her indirectly,

Digitized by Google

but unmistakably, to understand that she had jumped to a conclusion which was by no means warranted by the circumstances of the case.

"She concealed what chagrin she might have felt with all the art of one who had graduated in the best

They tramped away over the wet field-paths.

society; but that she must have felt the failure of her little enterprise you will see by the time I have done my story. There must be a great deal of truth in that savage saying about 'a woman scorned,' or Miss Gray, as I may as well call her, would never have so far forgotten herself, as a lady and a Christian, as to seek the mean and unjust revenge that she tried to take for the slight that she fancied had been put upon her.

"The day before she left the village, the then rector gave a sort of garden-party in the vicarage grounds to the Sunday-school children and their teachers. Among these were two maiden sisters, who were quite the Dorcases of the village, and between them and the curate a strong, healthy friendship had existed ever since their work had brought them together. The fact that they were neither very young, pretty, nor well off, made their friendship all the more attractive in the young parson's eyes.

"Nevertheless, two more sweetly, womanly women never existed, and how it came to pass that neither of them had ever married was a mystery to everyone but themselves. The younger of them, Dora, was, at the time I speak of, a month or so over thirty-two, and her sister was nearly five years older.

"Just as the garden party was breaking up, a sharp, sudden shower, such as we often have in the West, came on, and by some combination of chances the curate had to choose between offering the protection of his umbrella to Dora Lester or to Miss Gray. Without a moment's hesitation, he offered it to the elder lady and the older friend, and in doing so altered the whole course of his future life.

"As they tramped away over the wet field-paths towards Miss Dora's home she playfully rallied the curate—as such a good friend well might without offence—on the village gossip that had of late connected his name with that of the young lady artist from London. The curate, being perhaps still a little sore on the subject, answered, with a good deal more earnestness than was warranted by the circumstances:

"'My dear Miss Dora, I may as well say, once for all, that I have no more idea of marrying Miss Gray than I have of proposing to my landlady. In the first place, I am not in love with her, and in the second place, she would be about as impossible a clergyman's wife as one could very well conceive. When I marry—if I ever do—I shall seek someone who can join me in my work as well as in my home—someone like you, for instance, if there were any chance of your having me.'

"The last words were, of course, spoken in jest, for Miss Dora was such a very pronounced old maid in those days that the idea of their being taken in earnest never for a moment crossed her companion's mind. If he had had a little more experience of the ways and weaknesses of womankind he would have chosen his words more carefully, and understood better than he did the flutter of the little hand that was tucked under his arm.

"When Miss Gray reached home that evening there was shaping itself in the depths of her slighted soul as venomous a plot for the destruction of an innocent woman's piece of mind as feline malice ever conceived.

"She possessed another and a much more dangerous gift besides the power of counterfeiting nature on canvas. She could imitate almost any kind of handwriting with wonderful fidelity, and she decided to employ this contraband skill in playing what, by virtue of some curious moral squint, she seems to have regarded as merely a pungent practical joke on the curate and the old maid.

"The idea was probably suggested by a note from the former which she had received a week or two back about some sketches he had lent her. You would hardly believe that a lady, however jealous she might be, would do such a thing, and yet it is a fact that after an hour's careful practice she actually sat down and deliberately wrote a proposal of marriage to Dora Lester in an excellent imitation of the curate's handwriting.

Digitized by Google

"The next morning she drove off betimes to the station, calling at the post-office on her way and meeting there the curate, to whom she said good-bye with a cordiality that was almost tenderness. Then she went on her way, leaving behind her the elements of a very pretty little rural tragedy or comedy, as the Fates might decide to make it.

"Twenty-four hours later, the chief actor in it received a letter from Miss Dora, which first amazed and then saddened him beyond measure. It was quite a short note, and ran somewhat in this style:

"DEAR MR. MAXWELL,—Your letter has so completely taken my breath away that I am quite unable to answer it as soon as you ask me to. I had no notion that what you said on our walk last evening was meant for anything more than one of your jokes. As the matter is really such a serious one for both of us, don't you think it would be best to talk it quietly over before I say anything definite about it? If you agree with me you will find me at home all the evening.

"Always your friend, whatever my final answer may be,

"DORA LESTER.

"I will not attempt to describe the state of mind in which the hapless curate passed the greater part of the morning, for if I did I should only fail. Of course he saw the cruel trick that had been played on this unoffending woman and himself, and equally, of course, he was not long in guessing whose hand had done the mischief. Finally, as was usual with him in difficult situations, he decided to take a long stretch over the hills and fight the matter out with himself.

"When he came back doubt had given place to resolve, and the angry pain at his heart had been driven out by the great joy that comes so seldom into an earnest man's life.

"That evening there was no happier man and woman in all the West Country than Dora Lester and Frank Maxwell as they shook hands at Dora's garden-gate, and wished each other *au revoir* till the morrow.

"Did Miss Gray ever hear how well her little scheme succeeded? Well, yes, she did. Maxwell took his wife up to town the summer after they were married, and one day as they were having afternoon tea with a friend, who should walk in but the young lady to whose wickedness it was due that the best wife and mother on the country side did not waste her sweetness on the desert air of single blessedness. It is only common justice to Miss Gray to say that she received the news with an air of pleased surprise that was every whit as well counterfeited as the forgery that had so woefully failed in its aim."

"And now," said the rector of Arden, halting at the top of a green lane that led down to the most delightful of country parsonages, "you have made the acquaintance of Frank Maxwell already. Come in and have some tea, and I will introduce you to Mrs. Maxwell."

READY OCTOBER 14th.

ONE MILLION COPIES

OF

THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

3D.

ORDER IT.

Digitized by Google

The Shepherd's Love Story.

A girl and a man were riding along Bauhinia Creek, on a station in Western Queensland.

Suddenly the girl leant forward upon the saddle, looked about her curiously, and pulled up her horse.

"Ugh! what a horribly desolate place—enough to give one the blues," said she, with a shudder.

It was a desolate scene. A dense mulga scrub had been growing there at one time, but now the ground was encumbered with leafless, gnarled mulga trees that had been felled to feed the sheep during the big drought of 1884, '85, '86. Herbage was now struggling to grow amidst the withered tree-trunks.

The foundations of an old woolshed, the remains of a horse-yard, the uprights of a shepherd's hut were there, and a dilapidated stake fence (which had inclosed a sheep-yard) had fallen in, amidst a luxuriant crop of horehound that was growing on the old sheep-camp.

An air of misery and a strange hush was about the place; even the birds seemed silent. A heap of rough logs lay piled up near to the old horse-yard.

"I'll try a jump over these logs!" said the girl gaily, as she was backing her horse. "I say, you go first and give me a lead, will you?"

To her surprise, the man quietly took her rein and led her horse carefully round the heap.

"Shouldn't spoil sport!" pouted the girl. "Why did you do that? It was mean of you. Why did you? Goodness me, you're in a brown study!"

The man was thinking deeply; he sighed, and nodded his head once or twice.

"W—what?" said he absently. "I beg your pardon. Oh, why did I lead your horse aside? Oh, I hate to see a woman jumping—it's dangerous."

"That wasn't it," said the girl shrewdly. "Tell me, or I'll go back and jump it half a dozen times."

The man's hand tightened its hold of the rein.

"No," said he, "I'll tell you."

* * * * * *

"Fifteen years ago," he began, "I was managing this station for the owners. In those days we had no paddocks, and, consequently, all the sheep had to be shepherded—dingoes were thick.

"We had about sixty shepherds, and now and then one would become insane, and cut his throat, or hang himself to the wall-plate of the hut.

"Poor beggars, not much wonder they did—living alone, and only seeing the ration carrier once a fortnight, and stray travellers passing.

"I was down in Brisbane on business about that time, and was staying at one of the big hotels. There were a lot of young fellows there from up North. They were living at the rate of two thousand a year—spending their money freely; cabs and theatres, suppers and champagne every night.

"There were about half a dozen of them, but one amongst them took my fancy. He was a tall, strapping young fellow, with a well-bred look about him—dark, crispy hair, humorous grey eyes, and the gayest voice I ever heard in my life—a voice in a thousand. He was in the highest spirits, just like a boy on a holiday, and you felt he was a fellow you could trust your life with.

"These fellows dined at the table next to mine, and one night they were joking about being hard up. They had been to the races during the day, and lost, I fancy.

"But they were just as merry, apparently, and the one with the gay voice kept them in a roar of laughter After a little while they all trooped out.

"I beckoned to the waiter.

"'Who is that gentleman that went out first?' said I.

"'Tall gent, sir? In evening dress, sir? Dark moustache, grey eyes, sir?'

"'Yes.'

"'Mr. Dolan—Jack Dolan—from up North; squatter, I fancy, sir. Very liberal gentleman, plenty of money, sir.'

"That night I saw my grey-eyed friend with a party of ladies and gentlemen at the theatre. He was paying a lot of attention to the girl he sat next to; she was very pretty, but there was something cruel-looking about her mouth that repelled me.

"'Who is the girl in the fluffy yellow get-up opposite?' said I to a friend.

"'Forget her name,' said he; 'she's engaged to young Dolan.'

"'Then I pity Dolan,' I thought.

"That night I was introduced to Dolan and his friends in the hotel bar, and after we'd had a good many bottles

Digitized by Google

of wine, I found they were going the pace a bit too fast for me, so I left them.

"I went home next morning. A few months later I had to go down to Brisbane again. I wanted a lot of new shepherds to send up to the station.

"To my great surprise, Dolan was there still with his friends; but the gay tone of his voice hadn't the same old ring, and there was a line in his forehead that was not there before. I couldn't make him out. He was spending money as freely as ever.

"Next morning, early, was the time I had advertised for the shepherds to apply. I was sitting waiting for them to turn up. A knock came. 'Come in!' I shouted, and in strolled Dolan, smoking a cigar.

"'Good-morning,' said he.

"'Morning, Dolan. Where did you get to last night? Feel rather out of sorts this morning, eh? Come and have something?'

"'No thanks,' said he. 'I'm here on business. By to-day's paper I see that you want shepherds.'

"'Yes,' said I; 'do you know of any?'

"'Yes, one.'

"'Good man?'

"'Pretty fair—used to sheep.'

"'Old?'

"'No, a young man.'

"'Steady?'

"'Well, yes; an occasional spree.'

"'Got a good dog?'

"'Yes.'

"'All right,' said I. 'It's a pound a week and rations. Single hut. Where is the man to be seen?'

"'I'm the man,' said Dolan quietly.

"'Nonsense; you're joking.'

"'Never more serious,' said he, taking the ash carefully off his cigar. 'I want to get clean away—I'm at the end of my tether. I can't whine—it's my own fault.'

"'It's that girl's,' said I to myself.

"I'd have asked him, but it's a bad game asking too many questions in Queensland. I gave him the billet. He came up and lived quietly by himself, never saying what he'd been, nor bragging.

"After he had been shepherding a good while, the ration-carrier came and told me that he was getting to look miserable, so I rode out one day and told him to take a holiday for a month, which he did.

"When he came back he seemed worse than ever.

"'What is up with you, Dolan?' I said to him one day. 'Why don't you pull yourself together and get out of this back-country? What about the girl down below? Look here, I'll lend you some money, and help you to get a fair start. What's the good of wasting your life here?'

"'The girl is married,' said Dolan, 'months ago. No, thanks, I don't want any help. I'm as well off here as anywhere.'

"I saw he didn't like being questioned.

"One day I was riding home. There had been a great storm up the creek that day. I saw a black fellow coming towards me from the direction of Dolan's hut.

"'Look here, boss, I been alonga Dolan's yard. Dolan nowhere. Sheep all huddled up—not let out. Dolan gone, I tink.'

"'I'll discharge Dolan, see if I don't,' said I angrily; and I got an old shepherd to come with me, and we went to let the sheep out. True enough there were all the poor brutes of sheep yarded up, looking wretchedly ill.

I was vowing vengeance on Dolan; the crows were cawing noisily in the scrub, and there were some great brutes of eagle-hawks hovering about, when suddenly Dolan's dog came towards me, whining.

"I got off my horse and followed him. He led me to the bank of the creek. . . . There was poor Dolan lying dead. He had been struck by lightning. He had got his discharge right enough—from above.

"So the shepherd and I buried him close to the old horse-yard, where those logs are—that was his grave."

"Poor fellow," said the girl, when the man ceased. "Did you ever hear of the girl again—the one he was fond of?"

"I met her a year afterwards. She was with her husband, the man she threw poor Dolan over for—old enough to be her grandfather, and enormously rich.

"I got a fellow to introduce them to me, and I began talking to her. When I told her I was from the West, she asked me if I had ever met Jack Dolan.

"'Yes,' I said.

"'What was he doing?' she asked me, glancing at her husband cautiously.

"'He was a common shepherd,' I said.

"She went very pale.

"'Where is he now?' she said.

"'In the better land,' said I.

"'Is he dead?' she whispered. 'How did he die? I—I never heard.'

"'He was killed by lightning.'

"She caught her breath, and put her fan to her face.

"'A dreadful fate—a dreadful fate,' she said.

"'There are worse fates,' said I. 'He might have married a heartless woman,' and I looked her straight in the eyes, and she——

"Why, you are crying! Now, you know, that is foolish—it's years ago—you never knew the two people concerned. Poor Dolan! he's better off now, and as for the girl——"

"She was my sister," said the girl brokenly. "She died some years ago. She spoke of Jack Dolan when she was dying. She—she really loved him. Don't they say that those who love each other dearly become reunited in Heaven?"

But the man was silent.

W. Bush.

A PRIZE FOR ARTISTS.

The Editor of *Short Stories* offers a prize of £2 2s for the best set of six decorative head-pieces, corner-pieces, or tail-pieces suitable for reproduction in the paper. Competitors may send all head-pieces, or all tail-pieces, or all corner-pieces, or some of each. The head-pieces should contain a space for the title of the story.

The winner will not only receive a cheque for £2 2s., but will possibly have the opportunity of securing a considerable amount of further work in connection with the various publications issued from this office.

Style, shape, and size, are left entirely to the competitors.

Attempts should reach the Editor, marked "Decorative," by Monday, October 3rd.

Should the quality of the competition justify it, a number of consolation prizes will be awarded.

All attempts become the property of the Editor.

Digitized by Google

A QUEEN INCOGNITA.

One fine day in July a report ran like wildfire through the little town of Seachester that Fenton's Folly was taken—actually taken—and so late in the season, too. But the news was undoubtedly correct. An army of gardeners descended upon the grounds. The house was well and substantially furnished; but one van-load after another arrived of wonderful and beautiful articles.

Statuettes in carved ivory, in old Dresden china, or in antique bronze were set out upon the table and decorated the *étagères*. A number of books, chiefly French, in gay movable covers of silk or of velvet, an elaborate smoking service in wrought silver, and other costly adornments, made their appearance in the chief reception-rooms.

Of course, the quiet little seaside resort was thrown into a regular commotion by all these extraordinary proceedings. Who and what would the coming stranger or strangers prove to be? The arrival of a case of choice cigarettes from Roumania was set down as positive proof that there was to be at least one masculine individual amongst the new-comers, as were also the arrangements made for the accommodation of sundry dogs and horses.

And who on earth was the future tenant of Fenton's Folly—an artist? a foreign prince? a Yankee millionaire on his travels? Each and all of these conjectures were advanced in turn. And Mrs. Armstrong, the widow of a London surgeon, who had been a prominent personage in his profession, and was herself looked upon as one of the leaders of Seachester society, exclaimed enthusiastically while discussing the subject one day: "Suppose it should be one of the dear princes come down incognito to spend a little time on the coast." And really her supposition did not seem altogether improbable.

At last the riddle was solved—at least, so far as the sex and the number of persons that were coming to stay at the Folly were concerned. There was only one, and that one was a woman. The dogs were there—a superb Newfoundland, a black poodle, and a Dachshund—and the horses, six in number, duly put in an appearance, and the cigarettes were an undoubted fact; but all these masculine accessories belonged to a female owner.

She arrived late one evening by the last express from London, accompanied by a host of servants, including an elderly and inscrutable maid, stiff as a grenadier and as taciturn as the Sphinx. The lady's name was stated by her major-domo in making purchases to be Madame Milena; but that was too palpably an assumed cognomen to deceive even the unsophisticated denizens of Seachester.

Nobody caught a glimpse of her for several days. A spell of rainy weather, such as often mars the otherwise perfect beauty of an English summer, set in just after her arrival, and kept her within doors. Finally a splendid cloudless day, shining above a sea where the waves broke in lines of pearly foam not high enough nor strong enough to dismay an infant, lured the new-comer to make her first essay at sea-bathing.

Her *début* on the stage of Seachester life created a sensation. She drove down to her previously engaged cabin in the prettiest possible low pony-carriage, attended by her maid, and so wrapped up and veiled that nobody could even make a guess as to what she looked like. But when she emerged from her bath-house, ready equipped for her plunge in the sea, and the maid drew her peignoir of Turkish towelling from her shoulders, there stood revealed the loveliest woman by whom the sands at Seachester had been trodden for many a long day.

She was in the prime of life, apparently something over twenty-five, and was a radiant brunette, with magnificent large black eyes, a glowing peachy complexion, dazzling white teeth, and a host of dimples that came and went in a most bewitching way with her every word and smile. Her bathing-costume of dark crimson serge, though fashioned in the most decorous manner possible, with sleeves to the wrist, an ample skirt falling below the knee, and wide trousers, just giving a glimpse of a matchless foot and ankle, revealed the fact that her figure was of faultless symmetry.

She could swim like an otter, or like her own great Newfoundland, who stood on the shore whimpering dolefully, and only restrained by the chain in the firm

Digitized by Google

grasp of the maid from plunging in to drag his adored mistress out of that treacherous water.

It must be confessed that Madame Milena's first appearance in public at Seachester awakened a vast amount of prejudice against her in the minds of the female society-leaders of the place. A vague idea that there was something wrong with the lady and her antecedents spread universally abroad like exhalation. In the first place she was a great deal too handsome in too striking and showy a style.

It was not proper, argued the British matrons in solemn conclave assembled, to have such big eyes and such a bright colour and such quantities of hair. Secondly, no woman who was really respectable would ever smoke; and though Admiral Brent ventured upon a mild remonstrance in the way of mentioning the well-known penchant of Russian ladies for cigarette-smoking, he was put down at once, mildly but firmly.

"Russian ladies? Horrid creatures that spoiled good tea by putting lemon in it, and that think their Czar is of more account than our glorious Queen. Why, the only daughter-in-law that ever gave our beloved Queen any trouble was the Duchess of Edinburgh; and no wonder, for she was a Russian princess."

So the old Admiral held his peace, and contented himself with casting an admiring eye on Madame Milena whenever he chanced to meet her.

But the real cause of the prejudice that existed in so virulent a form against the handsome tenant of Fenton's Folly was the mystery that surrounded her. Who was she? Where did she come from? What had brought her to Seachester? To none of these questions had any satisfactory response been given.

The lady kept herself to herself, neither forming acquaintances or receiving visits. She bathed daily in the ocean, she drove out every afternoon, either in her pony-carriage or in a landau, drawn by two superb black horses, and she was always accompanied by her dogs or else attended by her groom. Also, she made long excursions on horseback to all the interesting places in the environs. She showed herself to be a faultless horsewoman; and, as her exquisite figure was set off to full advantage by a riding-habit, whose fashion and fit betrayed the work of the best of the London artistes in that line, her appearance in it sufficed to embitter still farther the minds of the dames of Seachester against her. They one and all declared that Madame Milena was not, and could not be, a respectable person.

Of all these worthy matrons Mrs. Armstrong was probably the most uneasy and the most perturbed concerning the new-comer. Her eldest son, Frederick, who was just twenty-two, had manifested at once a most reprehensible tendency to admire the brilliant beauty of the obnoxious lady.

To be sure the infatuation was not likely to produce any serious effects. Frederick's divinity was as unapproachable as she was dazzling. All that he could do was to linger in the neighbourhood of Fenton's Folly watching for a chance to obtain a glimpse of her on her way to take her daily bath or her drives or rides. Occasionally he would hire a horse and follow her discreetly at a distance in the hope that something would happen—that her horse might run away, or her stirrup break, or some other trifling accident might occur, so that he might have a chance of approaching her, or, perhaps, even speaking to her.

Moreover, he commenced a portrait of her, which, as he was a young fellow of very real artistic talent, was not at all bad in the point of view of a likeness, though naturally defective as a work of art. All this aroused Mrs. Armstrong's dislike and irritation of feeling against Madame Milena to the very highest pitch, though the lady remained in complete unconsciousness of her young adorer's infatuation, and had never done anything to cause or encourage it except by being much more beautiful than most other women.

Everyone should Read
"M. A. P."
THE NEW SOCIETY PAPER.
Edited by T. P. O'CONNOR.
Every Thursday.
PRICE
ONE PENNY.

At last a paragraph in the well-known Society paper, *Scraps and Scandals*, which Mrs. Armstrong was in the habit of perusing weekly, gave that worthy lady's nerves a severe shock. It ran as follows:

"We have just learnt that Mademoiselle Morenski, the leading dancer at the Paris Grand Opera, is spending her vacation incognito at one of the most retired and healthful of our seaside resorts. The accomplished artiste has never completely recovered from the sprain she underwent by falling during the last rehearsals of *Diana and Endymion*, and she is trying what a season of total seclusion and repose will effect towards her restoration to health. As Mademoiselle Morenski is a Russian by birth, she is, as is customary with persons of that nation, a thorough linguist, and speaks English to perfection. We are happy to learn that she is rapidly recovering, and that her appearance at the Grand Opera will take place early in October."

"There, now," cried Mrs. Armstrong, stabbing with a fierce forefinger the paragraph in question as she thrust the paper literally under Frederick's nose. "We know at last who Madame Milena really is—a ballet-dancer. So, of course, she smokes cigarettes and drinks absinthe, and does all kind of horrid things. Frederick, I command you—now, do you hear?—I positively command you never so much as look at that dreadful creature again."

But, as fate would have it, Frederick was on that very day afforded his opportunity, long desired and watched for of rendering some service to the lady of his dreams. After taking her daily bath, Madame Milena, followed by her maid, and accompanied by her superb Newfound-

Digitized by Google

land dog, strolled down to the pier, and, in compliance with the eager solicitations of her pet, she amused herself for some little time by throwing sticks into the sea for him to swim after and bring back to her.

Frederick Armstrong, hovering discreetly in the distance, looked on with intense interest, gaining fresh ideas for his unfinished portrait with every glance. Suddenly the dog, after seizing the piece of wood which his mistress had just thrown into the water for him, instead of swimming alertly back to land as usual with his prize, began to struggle and beat the water with his paws and to bark piteously, and gave other signs of distress. Evidently there was something wrong, and the animal was in danger of drowning.

"He's got caught in a tangle of seaweed, or else in a floating rope," remarked a bystander. "If he don't get loose soon it's all up with him."

"What! Prince—my dear Prince!" cried his mistress in wild agitation. "Will nobody save him for me?"

"There isn't any boat near at hand, ma'am," remarked the first speaker, "and it would take a good swimmer and a cool hand to go out there just for a dog. It's risky—that's what it is."

Madame Milena turned upon him, pale to her very lips, and with her great eyes all ablaze.

"Only a dog? I tell you, man, I have not many friends that I value as highly as I do Prince. Here, Anastasia, take my cloak—I'll swim out after him myself rather than stand here to see him perish."

But other help was at hand. Frederick Armstrong was an expert and fearless swimmer; so, only waiting to throw off his coat and to unlace and cast aside his shoes, he sprang straightway from the pier and hastened to Prince's assistance. He was just in time. The poor animal's anxious barks had already been exchanged for a series of feeble yelps, and the great curly head had more than once been submerged by the waves of the incoming tide when Frederick reached him. Seizing the dog by the collar he managed to drag him to a shelving part of the beach, whence it was easy to gain firm footing on dry land. The rescuer and the rescued were met by Madame Milena, who first covered her pet with caresses, and then turned and grasped Frederick's wet hand with enthusiastic gratitude.

"How can I ever thank you enough," she cried, "for saving my poor Prince for me? He was a present to me from the Prince of Wales, but I love him for his own sake as much as I value him for that of his donor. But I must not keep you standing here in your wet clothes. Hurry home, and, perhaps, some other time I shall be able to tell you how deeply I am obliged to you."

And, with a wave of her hand, the beauty hastened away, followed by Prince, whose drooping tail and ears betrayed the fact that he was rather discomfited by his adventure.

To describe the indignation wherewith Mrs. Armstrong heard of the incident of the Newfoundland's rescue is a task impossible to any ordinary pen. That her son—her son, the offspring of Dr. Archibald Armstrong, who would certainly have been knighted had he lived, and to whom there was once talk of an offer of a baronetcy, and whose mother had been one of the Greshams of Warwickshire—Mrs. Armstrong always prided herself greatly on her family—should have made himself conspicuous after that fashion by running such risks to save a mere dog, an animal belonging to a creature—a woman who was certainly an adventuress. It was simply unendurable. And the irate matron decided in her own mind that she would keep a good look-out in future over Master Frederick's movements.

That young gentleman, being none the worse for his dip in the sea, and all unconscious of the extra supervision of which he was the object, determined to put his adventure to profit by obtaining some extra studies and sketches for the portrait, the execution of which was absorbing all his time and thoughts. He had not, indeed, ventured to call upon Madame Milena, beyond stopping one day to inquire after the health and well-doing of the dog that he had saved. But between Prince and himself the friendliest possible relations had been established. The Newfoundland never failed to salute his preserver with a series of bounds and barks and ecstatic caresses, unless, indeed, he were in the company of his mistress, when his greeting would be confined to a vehement wagging of his great plume-like tail.

The young artist got in the way of stopping nearly every day at the garden gate to bring Prince a biscuit or a lump of sugar, and so established himself on a footing of intimacy with that jealous guardian of the premises.

He had found out the fact that Madame Milena was in the habit of taking her after-dinner coffee in the drawing-room, the long French windows of which opened on the garden, and were in fine weather always left wide open. With the room fully illuminated by the light of the great lamps Frederick was enabled, once established in the garden, to study at his leisure the beautiful original he was trying to reproduce on canvas as she sipped her coffee, and—alas and alas—enjoyed her after-dinner cigarette.

Seated on the roof of Prince's house, and with his canine friend nestling beside him, he spent evening after evening in sketching the fair features of the unapproachable beauty. The servants never frequented the gardens after nightfall; and if one of them chanced to come there the identity of Mr. Armstrong was well known to them as that of Prince's preserver, and so he was never molested or even questioned.

One pleasant evening in September Frederick, on arriving at his usual post, found that he would not be able to prosecute his artistic studies as usual. The radiant lady of his dreams was not alone. A very magnificent, though elderly gentleman, with grey hair and whiskers, commanding figure and a uniform blazing with gold embroideries, who had apparently been the guest of Madame Milena at dinner, was drinking coffee and sipping liqueur with her, on the evident footing of an old friend.

Digitized by Google

Frederick in vain tried to catch, as he had vainly done a dozen times before, the graceful line of the swan-like neck and the perfect poise of the stately head. For Madame Milena did not remain as usual quietly seated, but, absorbed as she was in talking with her guest, she changed her position a dozen times a minute, and the animation of her eyes, and the flashing brilliancy of her smile, set off as it was by her dazzling teeth, and her ever varying dimples, made her face a subject almost beyond portrayal.

Frederick was just about to throw down his pencil in despair and to start off for home when his wrist was caught in a sudden grasp. Prince started up and growled, and if the young artist had not interposed he would undoubtedly have flown at the intruder, who was no other than Mrs. Armstrong. She was in a state of vehement indignation, and was almost beside herself with excitement.

"So I have found you out at last, you wicked, infatuated boy," she panted. "This is the way you spend your evenings, is it? Oh, that your poor father were only alive to compel you to relinquish such demoralizing pursuits. But as to the creature that has ensnared you, I mean to give her a piece of my mind at once and thoroughly."

And off she started, unheeding Frederick's efforts to restrain her. Up the low steps leading from the garden to the drawing-room windows she went at full speed, followed by her sorely abashed son. In a moment they stood in the presence of Madame Milena. She rose from her seat, imposing and dignified, in her dress of rich lilac brocade, adorned with draperies of costly white lace. There were diamond roses shining in the glossy masses of her jet-black hair, and the slender hands that held the folds of a purple mantle, embroidered with gold that had just slipped from her shoulders, were ablaze with splendid rings. Her guest rose, too, and they both looked at Mrs. Armstrong in amazement.

"What is it that you want with me?" asked the lady.

"I come, madam, to reclaim my son," cried Mrs. Armstrong; "to set him free from the net of your fascinations. Oh, I know he has never spoken to you but once, and that was when he put his life in peril to pull your dog out of the water. But he thinks of nothing but you. He is spending his days in trying to paint your portrait, and every evening he lurks in your garden, at the serious risk of taking cold, just to get a glimpse of you and to make a pencil-sketch of you."

"Is this true?" asked the lady, turning upon Frederick the full effulgence of her great, dark eyes.

The words and glance drove Mrs. Armstrong quite out of her senses.

"True? Of course it is—every word of it. And what are you doing here in this quiet, respectable place, turning the head of a foolish boy by your looks and ways? I think you might better go back to where you belong without loss of time. We are not used to mysterious strangers at Seachester. And who are you, madam, anyhow, I should like to know? What is your name?"

The lady advanced a step or two towards the speaker with an indescribable stateliness of gesture. The diamonds in her hair flashed as though they formed a diadem, and the trailing purple cloak assumed the aspect of a royal mantle.

"My name is Anna Milena Elizabeth of Montenegro," she answered with dignity; "and I am the Queen of Moldavia."

Her grandiose-looking guest came forward and raised one of her hands respectfully to his lips.

"And I, General Count Milenko, of the bodyguard of King Charles of Roumania, sent by my gracious sovereign on a special mission to her Majesty, am here to attest to her identity and to protect her from further insult."

How Mrs. Armstrong got out of the drawing-room of Fenton's Folly she herself never exactly understood. Her son lingered behind her for a moment and hesitatingly addressed the Queen.

"May I crave your Majesty's pardon," he said, "for having intruded on your grounds and for having tried to paint your portrait? I did not know."

"You are forgiven," she replied, with one of her bewitching smiles. "But you must promise never to do so any more."

A few weeks later *Scraps and Scandals* contained the following paragraph:

"Queen Anna of Moldavia, who has been spending some weeks incognito at the seaside resort of Seachester, on the north coast, leaves England, we understand, in a day or two to join her royal consort, King Alexis, in Paris. He has been paying a visit to the King of Denmark, and the royal pair will proceed to Aix-les-Bains to join there Queen Anna's sister, the Grand Duchess Feodor of Russia, and their two little sons, the Princes Nicholas and Michael. Her Majesty's health having been severely shaken by the effects of an attack of influenza from which she suffered last winter her physicians prescribed for her a period of total repose and seclusion, as well as a prolonged course of sea-bathing. We are pleased to learn that the healthful breezes and the ocean baths of Seachester have completely restored the royal lady to health."

Two years later Frederick Armstrong's portrait of the Queen of Moldavia was one of the sensations of the Paris Salon, and won for the youthful artist the honours of a medal. The winsome sovereign, on the occasion of her many visits to Paris, had consented to give the painter, young and unknown though he was, a series of sittings, the result of which was that he achieved a masterpiece.

Poor Mrs. Armstrong has never been able to forgive herself for her hostile invasion of Fenton's Folly. But for that she might have been received at the Court of Moldavia with the cordiality due to the mother of the rescuer of Prince; she might have been able to stun her acquaintances and associates on her return to England by speaking in an off-hand manner of "my friend the Queen."

H. CLAVERS.

All Lovers of Good Fiction

Should read the new serial story just starting in "Home Notes," entitled: "THE HERMITS OF GRAY'S INN." It is written by G. B. Burgin, a writer whose work is pleasantly familiar to a large portion of the reading public. Among the popular stories he has published may be mentioned: "Old Man's Marriage," "Fortune's Football," "The Cattle Man." The story is of interest to men and women alike, and is of a very original character.

Order a copy of *Home NOTES* from your newsagent.

Digitized by Google

JOHN'S LITTLE SCHEME.

"Do you find the sofa pillow comfortable, dear? And does the shade keep the light from your poor, tired eyes? Have you heard about Mr. Dummer?—not old Mr. Dummer—he was his uncle; not Charles, but William. Charles married Mary Peters—but I'm afraid you're not interested, dear?"

"Oh, ah! Let me see. You said William married——"

"Oh, no!"

Silence, ominous but brief.

"John, the paper says that juvenile crime is on the increase. Well, I know that Dicky Smith stole Julia Welsh's apple the other Sunday, and right in prayer time, too. I don't feel as though I were doing half my duty—the children lack so much that we expect as a matter of course. Yet some of them are so bright. We were talking about postage stamps the other day, and Sammy——"

"Oh, yes, my dear! Quite true. And now, if you don't mind, I think I'll run out for a while. Bad plan, I dare say, to lie down in the evening. Be back in an hour or so."

"I'll have read the paper by that time, and I'll tell you all the news; that'll save your poor eyes and——"

But Chesley was out of earshot, whistling ruefully. If there were two things dear to his heart—beside his wife—they were an early and quiet perusal of the evening paper and a short refreshing nap after the day's office work.

He strolled along wistfully, gazing idly into shop windows, and noticing in one of them two or three phonographs, variously labelled, he sauntered in, dropped his coin in the slot and listened to "There's a good time coming."

"Great idea, isn't it, Chesley?' said someone, slapping him on the back. "Got one of my own; talk into it for an hour or so, typewriter comes in, turn it over to her, go fishing, come back, letters all written. Well, can't you say 'How d'you do,' to a fellow? Don't mind a slap on the back, I hope?" for Chesley was making for the door.

"Oh, no; that's all right. Fact is—just thought of something; see you later."

"Forgot to post his wife's letter, I suppose. Good fellow, Chesley; but frightfully fidgetty and offish since he married," soliloquised Jackson, turning to the phonograph for consolation.

The truth was that an idea had struck Chesley; a ravishing idea, full of delightful possibilities. Why not talk to his wife *per* phonograph instead of *per se*, when she wandered into the mazes of genealogy or upset his cherished nap with mistimed dissertations of philanthropy?

His conception was crude, but there were dazzling suggestions. Her talk, he reflected, ran largely in ruts Of course, the matter called for a certain amount of observation and careful averaging, while the phonographic replies must be, necessarily, of a general and non-committal nature—not that he need worry over that, however, since his share in the conversation was usually vague to the verge of incoherence.

Mrs. Chesley had no reason to complain of her husband's inattention for the next week. Indeed, she confided to one of her friends that "John really seemed to be getting interested in mission work, and to take an active interest in his relatives, too."

Meanwhile, Chesley was working out enough averages to qualify him for a census compiler. After carefully classifying his wife's remarks, he decided upon the following schedule:

Average length of remarks requiring assent, one minute and a half; requiring dissent, five and three-quarters; interjections, one per minute. These three divisions seemed likely to afford sufficient scope; it only remained to give them a certain qualified utterance, a cautious assent and yet a more cautious dissent—in

Digitized by Google

short to model them on the style that marks a good listener—and he was ready to interview the phonograph maker.

"Want an electrical attachment that will start and stop the cylinder at pleasure? And a megaphone that can be heard anywhere in an ordinary-sized room? Oh, yes; I can do it all right; send it home at the end of the week."

"Very well; the sooner the better," Chesley replied.

"Well, some folks have money they don't know what to do with," was all the phonograph maker said to his apprentice.

The phonograph and its attachments came home in due time. It was an easy matter to stow it away under the parlour sofa; the connections at the end of the slender wires could be held in one hand.

Chesley was cautious. He tried interjections to begin with, then isolated phrases; and, growing bolder, a number of remarks in the same strain. Thus he achieved comparative comfort. A nap, of course, was out of the question; but it was much not to be obliged to make verbal comments.

It is true that the phonograph would be a trifle hasty at times, and then again would lag, but that mattered little; his remarks had seldom been exactly placed. He even grew bold—or careless—enough to indulge in surreptitious dozes.

"My dear," remarked his wife one evening, "mamma writes me that her visit is unavoidably postponed."

"Yes?" queried the phonograph.

"I should think that you might show a little more sympathy, John. Dear mamma has not been here since last spring. I'm afraid she didn't enjoy her last visit."

"I hope so."

"Do you mean you hope she did or she didn't? I believe you're more than half asleep!" which was true. Indeed, at the prospect of postponement, John had slipped into tranquil slumber, and the phonograph was having all things its own way.

"I want to take mamma shopping when she does come, and I'd like you to go with us."

"Certainly."

"Why, John! How nice of you! You generally make such a frightful fuss about shopping. Why, it seems as if we were just married, to hear you say it. You used to enjoy it, then."

"Not at all."

"Oh, John! Well, you never made a bother about it, anyhow. That's something to your credit; though I don't think you need have been so f-frank about it—if we have been m-married four months and a-a half!"

"Just so, just so."

"And sometimes I think you don't lo-love me as m-much as you did then——"

"That's right."

"John Chesley! Then that horrid Pilkington woman has been at you again. She's forty if she's a day, and she bleaches her hair."

"Rather tasty, I think, my dear."

"John Chesley, I'm going straight back to mamma to-morrow morning——"

"You couldn't do better."

"And I shall apply at once for a judical separation——"

"Wish you all success, my dear!"

"Don't 'my dear' me, Mr. Chesley! I'm going to my room, and don't you dare come near me! Perhaps some day you'll know what a wife you've l-l-lost——"

"Don't worry about me; I'm all right."

No wonder that Mrs. Chesley slammed the door.

That woke Chesley up. His consciousness came back to him in a flash. The phonograph had betrayed him. He heard it still repeating its senseless chatter. He could stop that, at any rate.

Now, when one has eaten a hearty dinner, the return to consciousness after the ensuing nap does not always imply a return of the power of motion. Therefore the phonograph continued its one-sided conversation, and Chesley lay on the sofa helpless, anxious and perspiring. What had happened? Something very wrong by the way the door had slammed.

What would Kate do next? Would the fiend under the sofa go on or run down? The mischief! She was coming down stairs now. But—yes—hurrah! The terror was running down. If only——" And his wife opened the door.

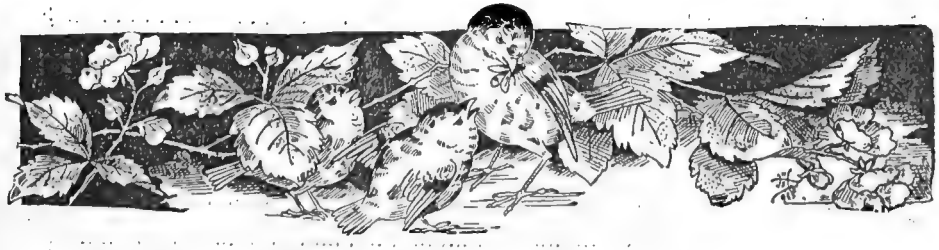
"John, I didn't know—perhaps you were—talking in your sleep. It wasn't very nice of you"—the phonograph never spoke—"but if you'll only say something—"

A pause—oh, to be able to say one word. Buz-z-z—click! The phonograph takes its innings. "I'm—sorry—" Final gasp! Oh, excellent phonograph!

"That's all I want, John. There, I'll give you a k-kiss. Oh, I've been so m-m-miserable, John."

John takes his oldtime comfort in his nap and the newspaper, so he must have told Kate all about it. As for the phonograph, it went to a writer of realistic stories, who gained great praise for the fidelity of his dialogue.

B. Paget.



Digitized by Google

Football Players Competition!

OPEN TO EVERYBODY. **£10 IN PRIZES.** OPEN TO EVERYBODY.

Below will be found ten sets of words, each of which indicates the name of some well-known football player.

For example, "A young goose" signifies, of course, Gosling.

Ten names will appear each week for five weeks, making fifty names in all.

Keep all your lists by you until you are told to send them in.

To the person who succeeds in solving the greatest number we will give

A CRISP £5 NOTE.

TO THE NEXT, £2; TO THE NEXT, £2; AND TO THE NEXT, £1;

while consolation prizes will be awarded to the extent of twenty handsome volumes which competitors may select for themselves from the catalogue of books issued by this firm.

If you are weak in the names of football players, your brother, or cousin, or male friend will give you a helping hand.

SHORT STORIES "FOOTBALL PLAYERS" COUPON No. 3.

21. A wood.	21. .....
22. Mutilates.	22. .....
23. Corpulent.	23. .....
24. A meadow.	24. .....
25. Places of abode.	25. .....
26. A small dagger.	26. .....
27. Small.	27. .....
28. An underground room.	28. .....
29. A fish and part of a lamp.	29. .....
30. An ancient German tribe.	30. .....

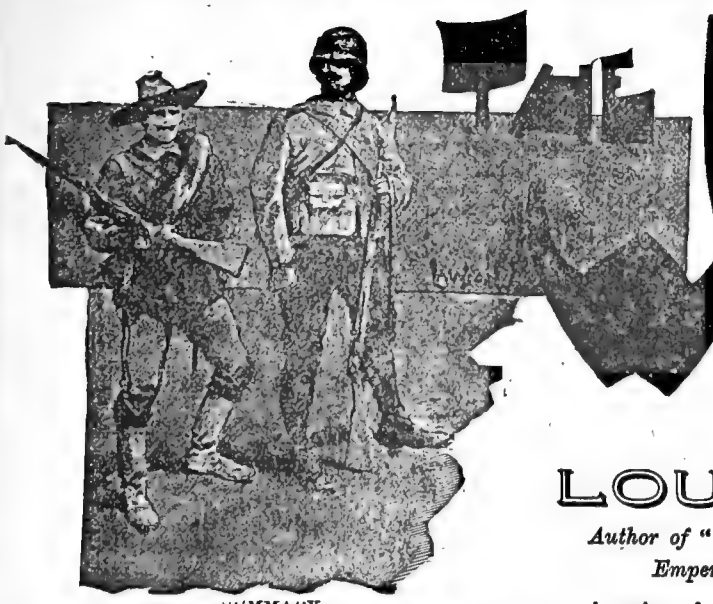
Name .....

Address .....

.....

Digitized by Google

HOW A BRITISH ARMY CORPS LANDED IN GERMANY.



THE FINAL WAR

BY

LOUIS TRACY.

Author of "The Shadow Hand," "An American Emperor," "The Lost Provinces," etc.

SUMMARY.

TIME 1898. Irene, daughter of Lord Eskdale, Ambassador at Paris, is engaged to Captain Edward Harington, Lord Eskdale's military *attaché*, and Lieutenant Rodney, of H.M.S. *Magnificent*, to Harington's sister, Ethel.

France and Germany declare war against Great Britain.

An attempt to land at Worthing is made by a combined French and German fleet of 36 ironclads, 40 troopships, and 100 smaller boats. The local volunteers hold them in check till the regulars arrive from London.

An inventor secures an audience with the Prince of Wales and demonstrates to him the utility of a new weapon, with the result that steps are immediately taken to manufacture an enormous number of them.

The *Hornet*, a torpedo boat, commanded by Rodney, blows up the Suez Canal. Paris is in a state of fermentation owing to the repulse of the Allied fleet.

Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour's fleet gains a decisive victory over the Allies off the Rock of Gibraltar.

A representative of the *New York World* interviews Lord Salisbury on a matter that is not yet made public.

The British organise two expeditious, one to invade France, and one to invade Germany. The first army corps appears off Havre, and after a short bombardment which lasts till nightfall, the fleet withdraws, the troopships move northwards, and the soldiers are landed at a point opposite Bléville.

The French are routed and the British enter the city.

The representative of the *Times* succeeds in getting the news to the office two hours before it was received by the other papers, and an enormous sale of the *Times* is the result. The news of the victory is enthusiastically received in Parliament.

CHAPTER XV.

How Germany was Outwitted.

WHEN Sir Evelyn Wood was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in Germany, he evinced no misgivings as to the enormous task intrusted to his charge.

He reported himself in due course at the Horse Guards, and commenced to discuss the plan of campaign with the utmost coolness.

"You have not been long in making up your mind on your scheme of attack," observed Lord Wolseley.

"It has been thought out for at least five years," was the grave but startling reply.

Lord Wolseley looked at him in astonishment.

"Sir," explained the gallant General, "I have deemed it my duty to make myself acquainted with both the strength and the weakness of the defences of every first-class power in Europe. War bursts out when least expected, and—to speak without arrogance—I have had my plans for the invasion of every country on the Continent complete and pigeon-holed for years."

"Perhaps we had better examine your scheme in conjunction with the suggested operations prepared by the Intelligence Department," was Lord Wolseley's reply. "But your zeal is worthy of you."

Sir Evelyn showed that he appreciated his chief's kindly words.

"I have my plans, it is true," was his courteous answer, "but I have not the genius to foretell precisely how they will fall out."

It was a delicate compliment to the most brilliant quality of the Commander-in-Chief. Lord Wolseley smiled, for compliments are rare things in the mouth of Sir Evelyn Wood, and the two soldiers proceeded to examine minutely the proposed method of attack upon the German coast.

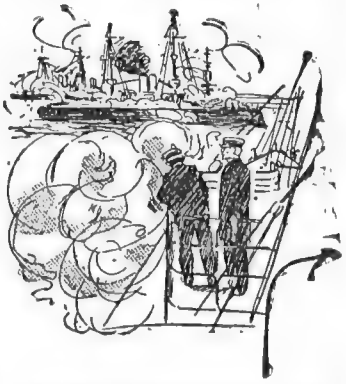
For three hours they were closeted together in private conference, and when Sir Evelyn rose to depart, Lord Wolseley shook him warmly by the hand.

"It is an audacious stroke that you propose," he said; "certainly one that the enemy will not expect."

"That," Sir Evelyn replied, "is the chief claim to consideration."

The Commander-in-Chief nodded in agreement.

"It needs all the skill and daring of a brave and experienced officer," he observed quietly, "and we are fortunate in possessing such a man. The nothern defence of Germany is terribly complete. From Hamburg to Dantzic the coast bristles with the strongest fortresses in Europe. But I have confidence in your plan, despite its danger. God speed you."



"Where are the rest gone to?"

Digitized by Google

He summoned to him Colonel Sir W. Lockhart.

And Sir Evelyn Wood departed to attend to the preliminary arrangements for one of the most desperate ventures in the history of the war.

He was a soldier eminently fitted for such an enterprise. A skilful tactician and a finished master in the handling of troops or the judgment of a position, he was also singularly untrammelled by traditions. He was quick in invention and suffered no conventional axiom to stand in the way of a novel or daring manœuvre.

His coolness was as striking as his brilliancy. On one occasion, when in command of a body of troops in the Transvaal, he was approaching the lines alone in the early morning, when, not heeding the challenge of the sentry, he was fired at. The ball passed through his helmet.

Stepping up to the horrified soldier, who now recognised him, he observed calmly:

"Young man, next time you challenge, shout louder, and next time you shoot, aim lower."

It was this phlegmatic, yet resourceful soldier, who was intrusted with the attack upon the German Empire. And his scheme was extraordinary in its sheer daring.

About 200,000 men were detailed for service against Germany, together with a powerful fleet under the command of Sir Nowell Salmon, V.C.

The troops were formed of mixed battalions, for both the militia and the volunteers were drawn upon, and were massed at three great centres along the east coast. At Hull, the southern army corps, headed by the 1st and 2nd Battalions of the Coldstream Guards, the 2nd Battalions of the Buffs and the Royal Fusiliers, with the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Battalions of their attached militia and volunteers, formed a splendid brigade under the command of Lieutenant-General Guyon. The Northumberland Fusiliers, the York and Lancaster Regiment, the Yorkshire Regiment, and several northern battalions gathered at Newcastle, whilst the Seaforth Highlanders, together with the Connaught Rangers and their militia, were noticeable among the troops massed at Leith. Few in numbers, indeed, this army was for its purpose; but none could be finer in discipline, in record, or in reputation.

On Thursday morning a small but powerful fleet, under the command of Admiral Sir Nowell Salmon, left the Humber with half-a-dozen troopships and made its way in the direction of Tronning and the Kiel Canal. Scarcely had it reached the noble water-way that joins the Baltic and the North Sea, than, in the dusk of the evening, a strong contingent of warships, conveying an immense number of troopers, was noted by fishermen in the Kattegat steaming rapidly into the Baltic.

The most precise orders had been given to Sir Nowell Salmon. He was to attack the approaches of the Canal with as much fury as possible, and to keep up the fire without ceasing for three days. He was to make a feint of attempting to land troops; but against the actual accomplishment of this he was strictly warned.

"Why, I shall draw upon myself the entire German forces!" exclaimed the Admiral when Sir Evelyn Wood gave him his instructions.

"I trust so!" said the General significantly.

With these strange orders the fleet had steamed across the German Ocean, and in less than a day came in sight of the fortress which commands the entrance to the Canal. The project on which they were embarked seemed to everyone fantastic.

"Where are the rest gone to?" grumbled Captain Rowlett of the *Northumberland*. "Are we to waste ourselves on the impossible?"

"Don't be alarmed," the Admiral reassured him. "You need not flatter yourself there will be no fighting."

"But attacking the canal in this way with a dozen ships—what is our object?"

"What?" repeated Sir Nowell. "Why, to look like two dozen, and fight like two hundred. By George, if it is not a big enough job to persuade our friends the enemy that a few second-class cruisers are the entire British Navy, you must be hard to satisfy!"

"Ah!" said the commander more cheerfully, "if fighting will lead them to that conclusion, I'll guarantee they'll be perfectly convinced by nightfall."

And he went off contentedly to see that his ship was in proper trim.

Within two hours the British ships had opened fire upon the town of Tronning, and the banks of the canal for the first time in its history reverberated with the ceaseless sound of cannon.

As the day closed the authorities at Berlin received word that a strong detachment of the British Navy convoying many troopships, had appeared at the entrance of the Kiel Canal and that Tronning was in imminent danger of capture. The defensive works had not been completed, the strength of the town was slight, and the activity of the British guns had already made terrible havoc with the fortifications. One attempt had been made to land troops on the south side of the water, but it had failed owing to the gallantry of the German defence. But another was expected, and it was feared, might succeed.

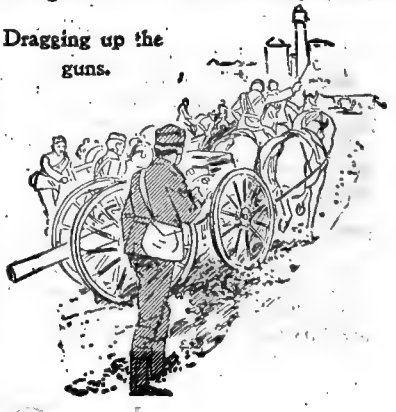
Chancellor Caprivi laughed at the news.

"We must be thankful," he exclaimed, "that daring and stupidity are closely knit. The enemy is good enough to deliver herself into our hands. There is no ally more useful than over-confidence in the foe!"

Over-joyed at the ease of the task before them, the authorities at Berlin sent instructions to all their depots along the north coast. Their army in the locality was not great. Most of the troops were on the borders of France and many were still locked in the Mediterranean or on their way to distant colonies.

One or two of the fortresses along the Baltic had been drawn upon for the ill-fated expedition that had been swept under the waters of the English Channel. There was still, however, a strong force at various northern centres, and by rapid entrainment these were gathered together. On the following morning one hundred thousand men were stationed on the South side of the Kiel Canal, waiting to devour the doomed Englishmen as soon as they should venture to seek a footing.

Had the enemy possessed a fleet at this point the English position would have been hopeless. But, as it was, there was security, save in the event of the foolhardy experiment of landing. The fleet kept up a continual and terrible fire, but no attempt was made to come on shore.



Dragging up the guns.

Digitized by Google

Meanwhile, with a clear day's start, the rest of the fleet, with its transports carrying 200,000 men, was, as we have seen, slipping along the friendly sea which opened a passage into the Baltic. It was a race against time. Everything depended upon the point they aimed at being reached before the enemy were aware of the ruse and could muster troops to meet them.

Nor was it a difficult task to maintain secrecy. Held alike by interest and ties of blood, Denmark had engaged itself to a neutrality that should by its very strictness favour an English invasion of Germany. The Government had pledged its word to permit no intelligence of British movements around Danish shores to pass the frontier.

Without a fleet in the seas, with only a stray gunboat or two lying in the harbours of Dantzic and Kiel, there could be no resistance by Germany to a strong advance. But with a secretly hostile neighbour, and opposed by skilled manœuvring and the stratagems of accomplished generals, there could not be even intelligence of what was going forward.

Shortly after dusk on the night when a powerful German army was concentrated at the entrance to the Kiel Canal, the British fleet had crossed the western bed of the Baltic, and, but for a haze over the sea, might have descried upon the horizon the lights of the town of Stralsund.

A small, irregular, and ugly place, with narrow, ill-paved streets and all the gloom of squalid decline, sole amongst its virtues Stralsund possessed a spacious harbour, into which vessels of fifteen feet draught might proceed safely, and with ample accommodation in its entrance channel for the biggest ships afloat. Across the straits lay the island of Rugen, and, mid-way, the tiny island of Danholm dotted the water, heavy with fortifications.

Stralsund lay amid marshes which could only be traversed by broad roads built upon reclaimed land, with occasional bridges across water spaces. Thus isolated, it seemed a spot which no man would dream of attacking. And so, indeed, the German generals had considered; for they had not hesitated to weaken its garrison by drafts taken to form the force that attempted to invade England, and still later for the army that menaced the little fleet at Tronning.

Its guns commanded the sea, its morasses and lakes cut off the foe by land. So secured, a handful of men, it was reasoned, should be enough to defy the world.

It was a strange place, Stralsund, with its island, its shallow harbours, its marshes, and its fortress, that Sir Evelyn Wood had decided to make his point of attack. Here he would set foot upon German soil.

The favouring darkness shrouded the fleet as it sped silently upon its way. The General knew that in six hours the fate of his daring swoop upon the German coast would be irrevocably determined.

His scheme was indeed audacious, but one element was in his favour. The depth of water enabled him to creep in close to the shore, and he felt confident that he would be able, before the enemy realised what had happened, to land a strong brigade of cavalry and two batteries of horse gunners upon the coast some five miles from the line of fortifications.

He summoned to him Colonel Sir S. W. Lockhart.

"Colonel Lockhart," he said, "we have reached the crucial point in a desperate adventure. All now depends upon individual courage. I have chosen you to command one of the finest brigades of cavalry that the British army could put under one man's charge. Upon your pluck and that of your men is staked the complete success of my plan of operations."

Colonel Lockhart flushed with pleasure.

"Stralsund," continued the General, "is a very strong place. It might appear impregnable. It has so appeared to the German commander. I will not deny its extraordinary advantages, but, Colonel, these very advantages may be applied to effect her ruin. It is to secure this that I am going to disembark your brigade. I will give you the Scots' Greys, the Carabineers, and the 1st and 2nd Life Guards. With them go D and E Batteries of the Horse Artillery. You will find, shortly after gaining the shore, that a strong, broad military road, built on the treacherous soil, leads to Stralsund. The town at its rear is connected by bridges with the solid country that stretches beyond the morass. These bridges make attack difficult from land.

"But they also make escape impossible if they are taken and a double fire is opened on the town."

"I comprehend your plan," assented the Brigadier.

"Halt!"

"Your duty, sir, is, at all hazards and at all sacrifices, to take possession of those bridges, to hold them, and then storm the town. If you do so, I will guarantee that an English Army Corps shall be on German soil to-morrow.

"Fail, and we are routed, expelled, disgraced. There is no alternative."

"If hard riding and indifference to consequences can effect your purpose, sir," replied the Colonel proudly, "you may rely upon the British cavalry doing so."

"I know it. I believe you," answered Sir Evelyn, a little affected. "Go: I shall open fire on Stralsund and upon the island. Under cover of my guns you will land and carry out your movement. Good-night. We will meet at Stralsund to-morrow."

Thus speaking, he dismissed him.

By this time the night had come, dark and perplexing, for great clouds rolled along the skies and swallowed up the young moon. Little more than five miles off lay the unconscious town with its empty harbour, whilst from the shore the melancholy wastes of humid earth stretched lonely and silent toward the gentle pasture lands of Mecklenburg. Stralsund seemed a town in a wilderness—the one secure spot rescued by adventurous man from surrounding horror.

The larger vessels steamed slowly on. Opposite the landing point the sea was alive with boats laden with a freight of men, horses, and guns. Amid such silence as was possible the sturdy craft bore to shore the gallant heroes who were to stake their lives upon the hazard of a chance.

As the third fleet of boats moved off, there came a deafening roar in front. The *Royal Arthur* had already opened fire upon Stralsund.

Roused so rudely from stagnant security, the town became conscious of an unexpected and deadly foe attacking her from her own waters. In a moment fortress and island were alive with soldiers dazed by consternation and bewilderment. And now answering booms declared the challenge accepted. England and Germany were engaged at last.

Amid the din and the terror and all the fury of this shock of arms, the brigade had landed upon foreign soil, unnoticed, unopposed. As the gunners of Stralsund were firing wildly out to sea, a swift and silent avalanche of gallant men were rushing down to destroy the only hope of succour from the mainland.

CHAPTER XVI.

A Desperate Ride.

It was with difficulty that the troops under the command of Brigadier Lockhart made their way over the stony beach to firm land.

Digitized by Google

The darkness of the night and the roar of the guns booming across the sea favoured the landing. The wind was now high, and the clouds that scuttled over the skies rendered the fitful light of the moon uncertain and confusing.

The cavalry made their way slowly over the shingly beach. Fortunately, it shelved but slightly, and the guns were dragged up without much delay; but Colonel Lockhart, when he gained the plateau, could not suppress a feeling of anxiety.

As far as the eye could reach through the gloom stretched the bare plain, without protection or shelter. The troops had been landed near Clausdorf, which lay in their rear.

Along the shore ran a narrow road, threading its slender way over shifting ground and dangerous stretches of marsh land until it reached the village of Prahn.

Here, Lockhart knew, the military road started, a broad, well-paved highway, suited alike for soldiers and artillery.

Built with all the precision of a Roman street, without deviation of any sort, it gave a safe passage into Stralsund.

Unluckily, this road lay along the coast, and entered the town at a northern point. It was essential to strike off at some point midway, and proceed in a more southerly direction, in order to gain the Tribseer Damm. This *chaussée* linked Stralsund with the mainland, and was, from its very security, the safest road for the purpose of an unexpected attack upon the town.

It was clear that, to begin with, the movements of the brigade would be tedious and difficult. As the men clambered up to the rough bridle-path, they found that strict discipline would be impossible. The road was uneven, and on both sides lay the treacherous ground that threatened danger to those who were unfortunate enough to get entangled in it. To add to the peril, the horses were fresh and excited, after their long confinement, and could with difficulty be restrained within the inadequate space at command.

Only troops to whom discipline was an instinct could have taken their situation with anything like rapidity along so cramped a road. A good hour was occupied in forming the line and in dragging up the guns, for every step of the way had to be tested, and the deviation of an inch or two would have meant the overturning of a gun and a serious and confusing delay.

In front were the 1st and 2nd Life Guards and the Scots Greys. The artillery was placed in the centre with a Maxim strapped to every gun-carriage, and the Carabineers brought up the rear. They formed a brigade of about two thousand strong.

In the distance glimmered the lights of Stralsund; out to sea was the flare of the cannon; over the great sodden plain the British cavalry carefully threaded its way.

The German struck him violently on the head.

"Bah!" exclaimed Conway, of the 2nd Life Guards, to Riches, of the Greys, as they floundered for the sixth time in the dank ooze at the head of the column, "was ever such a cursed place before as Stralsund? I don't mind fighting, or dying, for that matter, but hang it if I think a cavalry officer should be called upon to get muddy!"

"Stral——," began Riches, but as he spoke his horse slipped over the ledge of the road and the animal's forefeet sank ten inches in the swamp. The lieutenant swore heartily as with some difficulty he got back to firm land again.

"Who ever heard of the beastly place before?" he exclaimed bitterly.

"Never mind!" responded Conway cheerfully. "Stralsund is in luck. After it's captured by us it will become famous. There are half-a-dozen places I know that have become quite prosperous on the strength of a British victory there."

"Do you know the town?"

"Stopped there a day by necessity," answered the other. "A miserable hole, bad hotels, infamous drains, vile cigars, extortionate charges. Fine old Rathhaus, though. Dates from the thirteenth century!"

"Good," grumbled his companion, "the next one will date from the twentieth."

"I don't know if——"

Conway was about to fling his gibe at the unconscious city when suddenly he pulled back his horse with a warning cry.

"Take care, for Heaven's sake!" he shouted.

Riches looked ahead, then pulled back his horse upon its haunches, held his sword over his head, and shouted "Halt!" with all his lung power.

"Great Heavens! What an escape!"

It was Riches who made this exclamation. Before him, stretching for a good half-mile, was a morass quivering as if with cruel desire. The road took a sudden bend to the right, and had not the two officers noted the fact in time they would have ridden into the quagmire to certain death, and the press of the cavalry behind would have driven scores of horsemen to follow them.

Even as it was, to check the movement of the brigade was no easy matter, for it lay far extended, and the rear, impatient of delay and ignorant of the cause, pressed forward and seriously embarrassed the van.

Conway and Riches, standing at the turning, saw the troops on, and remained to prevent disaster to those behind.

And thus slowly and with difficulty the brigade reached Prahn.

It was a small village, ill lit and almost deserted. But the eyes of the soldiers gleamed as they saw the broad high road that ran through it, wide, well-paved, and strong.

There was now no time to lose. Everything depended upon dispatch.

"Captain Lugard," hurriedly directed the Brigadier, "Take forty men and form a cordon round the village, and prevent anyone leaving it to give alarm. Follow us in ten minutes."

So saying, he gave orders for the brigade to form up in fours, and make at full gallop along the highway leading to the railway line, which lay to the south of Stralsund and gave excellent approach to the dam.

There were a few soldiers at Prahn. They had gone out from the barracks earlier in the day, and were drinking at the tavern there. As the English horsemen dashed by the *Bierhaus*, the horses' hoofs clattering on the stony street, and drawing fire as they struck the cobbles, some of the Germans turned sleepily out, half dazed by drink, and gazed in stupid wonderment.

But Captain Lugard seized their arms without further ado, and it was impossible for them, even if they had the sense, to give the alarm.

Across the road, and along by the low line of cottages that stretched to the north, the forty horsemen stood, ready to intercept any villager who might seek to make his way to Stralsund. The distance by road was very short, and the Captain guessed that the brigade would not only meet obstacles when they left the highway, but be delayed by narrow paths until they reached the railway. It was a question of minutes, and a fleet-footed messenger might, without difficulty, make his way to the town along the direct road and give timely warning.

Private Forsyth, of the Carabineers, was thinking this as he gazed out towards Stralsund and saw the marsh land that spread like a fetid desert to the sea. As he did so he started

Digitized by Google

at observing a figure making its way rapidly along the insecure ground towards the town.

It was clearly a man who was acquainted with some secret passage through the morass, and had slipped through the line of soldiers with the hope of reaching the town in time to give the alarm. He was picking his path swiftly and with skill, and Forsyth's heart leapt when he realised that at such a rate the villager would be in Stralsund in twenty minutes. It was clear that the brigade would never get round to the southern *chaussée* before the enemy was apprised.

There was no time for deliberation, still less to report the affair and get orders. The carabineer was swift to act.

Leaping from his horse, he threw aside his cloak, unfastened his belt and cast it to the ground. Thus lightened he dashed off in the wake of the fugitive.

The mud sank beneath him as he made his first spring, but his feet were light, and to his joy he found that he could distinguish the footprints of the man he pursued. Keeping strictly in the track of these he sped over the swamp, making few slips, and always recovering his footing when he chanced to alight on treacherous ground. His pace was as rapid as the German's, despite his disadvantages; it was not in vain that he had gained prizes for running in the regimental sports.

Thus silently the two men sped over the morass, the German unconscious of his pursuer.

When he had gone a quarter of a mile the fugitive halted a moment on a jut of solid rock and looked anxiously round. Forsyth guessed that here was his chance, if he were to get one at all. The German had for a second or so missed the track. He was peering closely at the ground round him when suddenly he became aware that he was pursued. He restarted at once; but he plunged a little heavily, having evidently lost his bearings. That moment enabled Forsyth to make a spring upon him. The German turning smartly round, struck him violently on the head with a stick that he carried; but the trooper, half-stunned, yet intent on his purpose, had enough alertness to throw his arms round his opponent and drag him to the earth. A desperate struggle ensued, the German making frantic efforts to disentangle himself from the embrace.

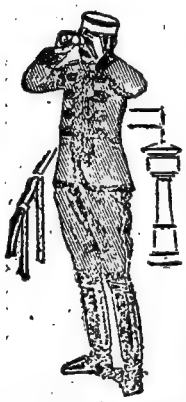
This, indeed, he might have done. Forsyth's grip was losing its intensity, for his head swam and a strange faintness came over him.

In that supreme moment his thoughts turned to his home in Old England, and to the wife who was crying her eyes out, hoping against hope for the safe return of him she would never again see. There was but one alternative left him. He realised that it needed the sacrifice of his own life; and then, with that common heroism that shone as brightly in the British rank and file in that time of struggle and sacrifice, as in their officers, he gathered up all that remained of his strength, and precipitated his assailant by sheer force into the morass.

The German cried out in his horror, but was helpless. There the two lay, still clinging to each other, sinking slowly into the frightful ooze, whilst the dank mud pressed up and up, and swallowed them in its greed, until there remained nothing but the quivering surface, without so much as a rift to mark the grave of the two brave men.

It was thus that Private Forsyth threw away his life for

With a ringing cheer they dashed over the dam.



Sir Evelyn Wood was gazing earnestly through his glasses.

his country, without a witness, and with nothing to testify to his gallant deed.

Next day he was missed. His comrades wondered that they found no trace of his body; and then promptly forgot about him. A hero, unhonoured and unknown; he was a true type of that sublime courage which more than generalship or statecraft won for Britain her splendid victories against enormous odds.

Meanwhile Lockhart's brigade swept along the broad road at a furious rate. Riches felt the blood tingle in his veins at the exhilaration of the race through the bleak, chill country. In the hearts of officers and men alike there rose the joy of soldiership, the thrill of excitement and desire for battle.

About a mile and a half from the town they turned away into a lane hedged on both sides by young hawthorn, which shook its trembling dew as the brigade passed along. A belated countryman who was strolling homeward jumped terrified into the hedge as he heard the thundering clatter of the horses' hoofs and saw the cavalry fly past; nor did he venture forth again till daylight gave him courage and his wits returned.

Soon the brigade, dashing up the shelving embankment, gained the railway, and crossed it, rapidly reforming on the southern road that ran parallel with it. They sped along with reckless haste, each horseman with drawn sword, and the column in perfect order.

They could see the lights of the outer town twinkling on either side of them; but although the alarm was raised it was impossible to send the news on ahead, and when the Englishmen reached the station and had swept onwards beyond it, they found that there were no preparations to meet them.

The gates of the inner town were open, and the drawbridge by which entrance is gained to the fortifications had not been raised. The reason was obvious.

Over the *chaussée* there poured a disorderly multitude of men and women, terrified at the sudden descent of the British vessels, and making off as rapidly as possible to the station, whence they sought to fly inland.

There was not a moment's hesitation on the part of the cavalry. With a ringing cheer they dashed over the dam, and almost before the Germans were aware of their presence they had cut down the guard, seized the gate, entered the town, and possessed themselves of the defensive works. The Brigadier dispatched Colonel Olcott along the eastern road with Conway, who knew the town, and a strong detachment of the Greys, and after leaving a guard to keep the gate, flung himself at the head of the main body of his troops into the Neuer Markt.

He was careful also to send up a signal of three white rockets, thereby informing Sir Evelyn Wood that the first part of his mission had succeeded, and that he had gained an entrance into Stralsund.

It was fortunate he had left Captain Lugard behind. When the gallant officer felt himself justified in leaving Prahn—as impatient to share the glory of the attack as his men—he led his troop at a hard gallop along the route the main body had taken.

When he reached the railway he observed that a large signal-box stood beside the line. Happily inspired, he dismounted with a few of his men, forced the door open, and seized the signalman as he was busily engaged at the telegraph instrument, which was forthwith smashed.

A few minutes later he had wrecked the points of the railway, and thus had cut off communication by either medium with Berlin and the outlying country. Then, after an impetuous race, he entered the gates of the town and joined the attacking party.

By this time the Germans had recovered from the shock which this unexpected movement had caused. There was not a large force in Straslund, and most of the men were engaged at the batteries along the seashore. But Commander Schwiftzeit hastily got them together and hurried along the Ossenreyerstrasse in the direction of the Tribseer Damm.

His movement was a fatal one. The position of the British force was superb. As the Germans advanced along the broad street that entered the Neuer Markt, a terrible fire was opened by the British artillery, which was placed at the entrances of the three streets converging at this point. A deadly and resistent torrent of canister and Maxim bullets tore along, mowing down the Germans in horrible carnage.

Deprived of shelter, and open to a ceaseless fire, they had no alternative but to retreat as rapidly as they could.

But a new calamity now awaited them. When they had reached the Rathhaus, a second fire was opened upon them from Badenstrasse, which intersected their path at right angles. This came from Colonel Olcott's men. They had dashed along the eastern line, turned into the Eillerstrasse, and lay in wait for the enemy near the Nikolaikirche.

Thus raked by two converging fires the Germans fell in hundreds. Unable to withstand the fierceness of the attack, their ranks were thrown into pitiful confusion, and they fled in irrecoverable rout. Now was the time for the impatient cavalry.

"Trot! Gallop! Charge!" successively rang out the voice of Colonel Lockhart, and along the street the fine British horse dashed withimpetuous force, decimating the flying foe, and driving them before their sabres to right and left in straggling and helpless fragments.

Only a few minutes had elapsed, so rapidly was the British attack concentrated and completed. The whole of the town remained in the hands of the invaders.

Nor did the Brigadier delay to make his victory complete.

Galloping along the Badenstrasse, the artillery took up their position in the right rear of the batteries which were even then firing at the British vessels.

Here the remainder of the Maxims were unstrapped and aligned. In a few seconds a deadly rain of bullets was pouring obliquely along the line of the fortifications, sweeping down the gunners and clearing the embrasures.

Standing on the bridge of the *Royal Arthur*, Sir Evelyn Wood was gazing earnestly through his glasses at the harbour and canal of Stralsund. He knew that the town had been taken. There remained but a little hard fighting before his brilliant and audacious attack would prove completely successful.

Suddenly a rocket darted up from the chief bastion, a rocket of red, which was twice repeated. And as suddenly the guns of the fleet became silent in their attack on the town.

A gleam of satisfaction lit up the commander-in-chief's eye, for what he had anticipated had occurred. A great shell whizzed through the air and fell, not upon a British vessel, but upon the fortifications of Danholm. Stralsund itself was engaged in a deadly attack on the island which defended it.

Poked his head through the ticket-window.

Digitized by Google

So far he had kept the fleet out of harm's way firing upon the opposing forts, but not approaching nearer than was absolutely necessary.

But now the ships steamed on ahead to north and westward of the island, and coming in close to shore opened a devastating fire upon its forts.

Meanwhile, under the cover of the battery at Stralsund, through the smoke and confusion, the transports made a rapid dash to the harbour.

Here in the spacious canal they rested in safety, and whilst the guns at Dänholm were contending desperately but in vain with those of the fleet, the British army quietly disembarked.

At dawn on the following morning the forts at Dänholm were crippled and useless. Stralsund was occupied by the British army, and 200,000 Englishmen lay encamped on German soil.

When the *Royal Arthur* steamed majestically into port a ringing cheer was sent up, which was repeated when the Commander-in-Chief met Admiral Fitzroy on the quay and took his hand in a fervent grasp. Soldiers and sailors alike were in a state of elation.

"Say, Bill," observed an A.B. reflectively to a mess-mate, removing a black pipe from his lips, "I've been a-studying these 'ere placards, and, as far as I can make it out, we're only about five hours' steam from Berlin."

Bill discharged a narcotic stream at the poster, and answered:

"Blest if them deluded Germans wouldn't be doing a good thing for themselves if they allowed us to go on comfortably by train. Lord, what trouble it would save us and them!"

The same notion had struck Midshipmen Napier and Chance of the *Royal Arthur*. They had prowled around the town after breakfast in search of diversion, and had made their way to the railway station.

Napier's face lighted with glee as he stepped up to the booking-office, where some terrified officials had ensconced themselves.

Poking his head through the ticket window and looking benevolently on a clerk who was crouching down by the fireside, he said in excellent German:

"Two hundred thousand first-class tickets to Berlin, please; *not* returns."

But no one offered to execute this magnificent order, and the middy turned away with a look of disgust.

"And they call themselves a commercial nation!" he exclaimed to Chance. "We offer to give 'em a ten per cent. dividend on the entire stock in five minutes and they refuse the favour!"

"Never mind," replied his brother middy laconically; "they'll probably be glad enough to book the return order in Berlin!"

(To be continued.)

The Champion of the Rhone.

I.

The fields were balmy with perfume.

The ripe hay, laid low by the stroke of the scythe, swooned under the devouring kiss of the sun, and over the warm meadows floated its expiring soul. Between sloping banks a little stream wended its lazy, rippling way, while, beneath, pebbles glistened in its transparent waters.

An interminable row of poplars, motionless in the still air, cast the only shadow over the universal sunshine of the fields.

The hum of insects accentuated with its murmur the silence of the fields, made drowsy by the heavy torpor of noonday.

In the thin, scant shelter of the hedges the mowers and haymakers slept a heavy sleep, their mouths open and their faces covered with perspiration. Greedily they enjoyed the rest before returning to their labour, which would last until sunset.

The summer sun was already at the height of its course and strength.

The fields spread out along the course of the brook until it lost itself in the great river, the Rhone, glittering like steel, made blue by the ardent reflections of the luminous sky.

Green banks bordered the stream, and willows hung low over the water, which, weary with having run so fast, cradled itself amidst their roots. The heavy trunks spread their luxuriant branches over the green grass, affording grateful shade.

In a lonely bay near the confluence of the little river, a boat rocked upon the water, and a clear, sweet voice kept time in song to the dull accompaniment of the sound of wet linen rubbed upon wood. At the end of the field a haymaker arose and gazed at the sun's rays in order to tell the hour, and, satisfied that there was still leisure at his command, he looked furtively towards the singer, who sang on in the sunshine like the locusts. He hastened to the stream, the throbs of his heart keeping time to the sound of the washing. A fresh breeze caressed his face as his mouth opened, and he called softly:

"Perrine."

The girl raised her eyes, and her song ceased, while

Digitized by Google

a flush of pleasure coloured her bare arms, her shoulders, and her face.

"Claude," she exclaimed anxiously, yet happily. Quickly her hands retied the loose strings of her gown.

"Oh, go," she implored. "Father landed this morning."

"I know, with Petrus Vallat."

"Yes, he has come for the fête."

Anger flamed in the eyes of the youth; he replied, between clenched teeth:

"And for the betrothal—is it not so? That's why I am in the way."

"Claude, Claude," said the young girl tearfully, "you make me afraid with your cruel words and wicked eyes."

"Do you dare to say that Petrus is not your suitor?"

Perrine shook her head: Claude still insisted.

"Then what is this Vallat doing here? He does not belong to this country."

"He is a friend of my father."

"Nonsense, I see clearly that a newcomer seeks the daughter of his patron, and you, Perrine Marnas, will forget me for this snob."

"My poor Claude, you know well that I love you, but my father holds in contempt all who till the ground and esteems only bargemen. Why must you be a farm hand?"

The haymaker became indignant.

"Why? Do you not know? My mother is infirm. She has only me to depend upon. Who would care for her during my voyages? Your father often remains away for weeks. A tiller of the soil, too, is worth more than a bargeman. What bread would Captain Marnas eat if there were no farmers?"

Perrine approached and laid her hands upon the shoulders of the youth.

"Yes, Claude, you have a good heart; you are a good son, and I would be happy to have you for my husband; but father is master of the house, as he is captain of his boat. Speak to him; try to convince him, and, above all, make haste, for you are right, he is too friendly with his new guest. He may have intentions respecting him, and it will be bad for us if he has decided. He would not yield, and would never reconsider a resolution once taken."

"Oh, if you love me! if you would but—" exclaimed Claude passionately, clasping the young girl in his arms.

She repulsed him rudely, saying:

"Never; understand, never will I oppose the wishes of my father."

"You do not love me," groaned the discouraged suitor. "You will not plead for me to him."

"Are you more courageous than I, you who are a man, and yet dare not confront him?"

"You say what is true," replied the young man, his cheeks flushing. He added, with determination: "I will speak to him to-morrow."

Perrine approved.

"Come at the hour of mass. I will burn a candle, and will pray for us both before the Virgin while you are with my father."

She offered her cheek for the kiss of the young man, and sent him back to his work.

Claude rejoined the haymakers, who had arisen from their nap. Sturdily he seized his scythe, and cut down the grass with great sweeps of the blade. With a furious effort he tried to assert his strength, to encourage the timidity of his soul by the power of his muscles.

II.

Saint-Pierre de Bœuf was awakened by the gay chime of its bells, the merry peals of which celebrated the votive fête of the country, which was held in repute among the population of the borders of the Rhone.

Already, on the threshold of his shop, the barber scraped his razor over the chins of his customers, seated in a row, which had been well lathered in advance by the apprentice.

On the bank two large oriflames, one red and the other blue, representing the two rival camps, flapped belligerently in the breeze and awakened interest in the jousts, the great attraction of the riverside fêtes.

On this day the tilts were eagerly expected. The bargemen of the Bœuf had challenged their celebrated rivals of Condrieu reinforced by famous jousters on the Rhône, from Lyons to Vienne. Amongst the last was the guest of Captain Marnas, Petrus Vallat Givordin.

The final call to mass tinkled from the bell when Claude Rollin, arrayed in his gala dress, crossed the square. He arrived in time to see Perrine enter the church bearing a large wax taper. The young girl smiled at her lover from afar, and the caress of her eyes strengthened his courage. The labourer drew himself up, and with a firm step, crossed the threshold of Captain Marnas' abode.

The boatman stared at the new arrival, and closed his lips with a smile full of malice.

"So it is you, peasant?" he said. "What has procured for me this early visit? Men of the water and men of the land mix but little on fête days."

Although chilled by this mocking reception, Claude Rollin controlled his annoyance, and, with an effort, declared himself.

"Master Marnas, Perrine and I are agreed, and we now lack only your good will."

The Captain whistled mockingly.

"Bless my soul, my good fellow, you are not queamish. The misfortune is that the daughter of Captain Marnas was not born for a landsman. I have no son; the girl will give me a son-in-law of my kind, an honest bargeman, whose children will keep up the fame of the family and maintain it on the Rhone."

"But——"

"That's enough; do not insist, peasant; Perrine is not in need of suitors. I have chosen one for her, a solid fellow, accustomed to the water, and of the sturdy race of Givors. It is Petrus Vallat, whom you will meet to-day at the games. Had you been one of us, you could have disputed the prize with him and become a suitor for my Perrine."

"You know, nevertheless, why I cultivate the ground?" retorted Rollin.

"Yes, you are a good son, I recognise the fact; but the slaves of the soil are not of our free race. One of my blood cannot become the wife and mother of tillers of the ground. I do not say this to insult you, my boy; but of this sort is the blood in my veins. Let us entertain no feeling of rancour, but do not be obstinate, for I will never recall my words."

Claude wished to reply, but Marnas took him by the shoulders and pushed him out of the door, which he closed and bolted.

Overcome by the rudeness of the Captain, with his head bowed and his heart bewildered, the discomfited lover found himself in the street. Unconsciously his footsteps guided him to the door of the church, where

Digitized by Google

Perrine vainly implored Heaven with prayers. There he hesitated. Then timidly he pushed open the door, fearing to make a noise. Softly he glided down the nave in the half light, wending his way to where Perrine knelt.

With the fervour of a child she prayed. Alas, alas, he thought, of what use were her prayers? Perrine herself had said, with truth, that Captain Marnas, having once made up his mind, never yielded. What had he come there for? Should he wait for his beloved, to trouble her soul with the avowal of their mutual unhappiness? Certainly it would be sweet to mingle their tears together, but his generosity and his pride forbade. What could he hope for? What could he expect? What should he do? With a last look he enveloped the kneeling girl with all the love of the past; then he retired as softly as he had come, without being seen by her. He walked with a firm step straight to his mother, the only one left him now to love. On his entrance she looked up at him.

"You are in trouble, my boy," she said, with pity and tenderness.

Claude could not reply, as his heart was too full. H tried to shake his head, but grief overcame him, and, falling upon his knees, he buried his face in the old woman's lap and sobbed:

"Mother."

The mother was silent. She had suspected the hope of her son and divined his unhappiness, but her hands caressed the forehead of Claude, seeking to calm his excitement and to heal the open wound by drawing him from his dream.

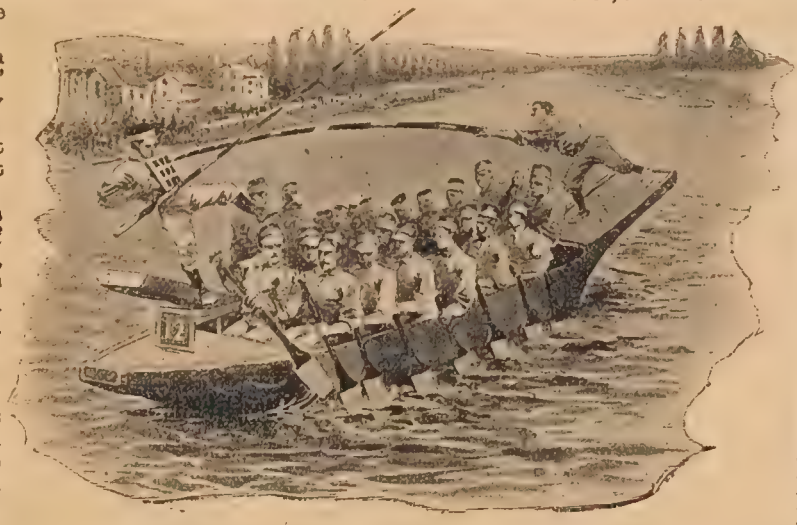
"Come," she said; "we will find another as beautiful but less proud, who will render you happy."

Claude raised his head and dried his tears.

"No, no!" he exclaimed; "it is finished; I will suffer no more. I will love only you."

He enfolded his old mother in his arms, and added, in a despairing embrace:

"You will be for me henceforth the only woman in the world."



Givordin . . . capsized into the water.

III.

A roar arose from the impatient crowd gathered in a mass upon the borders of the river.

"Here they come. Here they come."

Preceded by the local band, the two crews advanced. Through politeness, those of the country yielded precedence to the strangers, and followed in their wake. All were dressed in duck trousers, with caps ornamented by gold cords. They were distinguished only by their jerseys, red stripes being worn by the guests, blue by the local champions. These colours were reproduced in the paddles, a short, broad oar in the form of a spade, which the boatmen held in a firm grasp while marching.

Each crew took possession of its bark, while the first two jousters stood upon the siaupe, a platform erected at the stern of the boats. The champions wore wooden shields, destined to receive the shock from the lances, with which each was armed.

The drums beat.

The two barks reached the course; after having crossed each other, the rivals saluted with their lances. At the extremity of the arena limited by buoys, the boats halted, and then stopped, face to face.

At the command of the captains, with a single stroke, the paddles arose in a double flash of red and blue, and then fell, simultaneously cleaving the water, and the two barks moved, piloted in such fashion that they sailed side by side. The drums beat abruptly a charge, and the rowers increased their efforts. The barges set out to cross each other, and the rowers bent their heads as above them were lowered the lances. A double shock sounded upon the wooden shields, suspending, for an instant, the impetus of the barges. Then suddenly the red champion tottered and fell from his platform into the water with a great splash. The spectators thundered with bravos; the first tilt was to the glory of Saint Pierre de Bœuf. As the red champion swam rapidly to his bark, he was saluted with a mocking chant.

The tilts continued, sometimes in favour of one party, sometimes in favour of the other. The blues, however, had the advantage, and Saint-Pierre de Bœuf triumphed over the other champions of the Rhone.

But now on the siaupe appeared Petrus Vallat, equally strong and skilful, and, with him, fortune changed. Five times in succession his lance overthrew his opponent.

The people of Bœuf ceased their laughter and applause.

Before the skill of the Givordin the blues, discouraged, gave up the struggle.

Their best men having been overthrown and nearly drowned, already the reds began to mock at their vanquished rivals and to cry victory.

All at once a voice from the river bank shouted:

"The blues for ever. Give me the lance and shield."

Stupefied, the boatman saw Claude Rollin throw off his coat and present himself as the champion of Bœuf.

He had suffered too much while watching the success of this stranger, this Vallat, whom Marnas preferred to him, and upon whom Marnas would bestow his

Digitized by Google

daughter. He wanted to avenge himself upon the man who was stealing his happiness, and to prove his courage to this disdainful boatman—to be for a day the king of his village.

The bargemen approached the bank and the captain of the blues questioned Claude.

"So you, a landman, want to joust?"

"A labourer's arm is as strong as a bargeman's."

"We know you are strong, but you are not experienced."

"My strength will suffice," and, with a great spring, Claude alighted upon the siaupe, buttoned on the shield and grasped the lance.

The crew looked at him doubtfully, but the youth showed such a fine physique, and the reds provoked the blues so much by their mocking laughter, that the captain decided in Claude's favour.

"Keep your eyes open, man, and hold yourself firmly," he said.

The two barges plied their oars. Upon the banks a profound silence reigned, broken now and then by the rumbling of drums. The rivals advanced towards each other, their eyes keenly watchful, and their lances lowered. Each touched at the same instant the other's shield. The men buttressed themselves and were not moved, although the lances became bent. Then the sound of snapping wood was heard, followed by a splash, as both combatants disappeared in the water.

As both men were overthrown and both lances were broken the tilt was drawn. As soon as the tilters could get out of the water, they again resumed their places for a fresh assault. Confidence returned to the natives, and they encouraged with their exclamations the youth of Bœuf, who, although not of their party, had held his own with the terrible man from Givors.

The bargemen shook their heads, undecided as to the issue of the combat. Claude was the stronger of the two, but Petrus was the more skilful. If, in the first bout, the landsman's lance had struck the middle of the shield, Vallet would have made his somersault; but Rollin did not strike with skill. Would he succeed better this time?

Much interested, Captain Marnas puffed at his pipe, not knowing that it had gone out, an indication, on his part, of grave pre-occupation. At length he uttered the words which conveyed the thought of all present:

"We must see the end."

Again the jousters charged. Claude feared only a ruse on his rival's part; but, while less experienced, he was the stronger, so he determined to rely upon that strength.

The barges touched, the lances pointed menacingly; the end of his staff lowered against his thigh, Petrus prepared, with all the weight of his body thrown forward, to strike an irresistable blow. But, suddenly, after a rapid glance, Claude removed his lance from its rest and thrust it with the full length of his arm, touching Vallat before the latter had met his adversary's shield. Claude's long arm seemed to lengthen, and the Givordin, deprived of his equilibrium by the vigorous thrust, capsized into the water.

A thousand bravos rent the air: "*Vive* Claude Rollin." Bœuf has triumphed.

Petrus swam to the shore, furious at the jests levelled at him by the crowd. When at last he stood face to face with Captain Marnas he growled:

"I shall have my revenge. You will see."

"Don't take the trouble, my young fellow," replied the Captain. "You can go home. My daughter can never marry a boatman that has been vanquished by a peasant."

Marnas turned his back upon the discomfited suitor and went straight to Claude, who was jumping from his boat.

"Give me your hand, man," said Marnas. "I abused you this morning: let us forget it. You are made of good stuff. All you need is to become a good bargeman. Take service on my boat and you shall have Perrine."

Claude, faithful to his trust, replied:

"And my mother?"

"You great gander," exclaimed the Captain, tapping him on the shoulder, "she will not need you. Don't you know that your mother will always be with Perrine when you and I are absent on the water?"

"Oh, Claude," cried Perrine, "how I shall spoil your mother!"

Touched and secretly flattered at the idea of leaving the soil for a life the desire for which he had sacrificed from a feeling of filial duty, Claude turned to his mother, who had just arrived at the spot, and said:

"Mother, I give you to Perrine."

"You see, Claude," said the young girl, "that you were wrong to be so sad in church. I saw you when I was praying to the good Virgin, and I knew that my prayers would be answered."

A. H. T.

"'OLD yer 'orse, sir?"

"He won't run away!"

"Run away? Not 'im. I didn't mean to 'old 'im still—I meant 'old 'im up."

MRS. UPJOHN: "Aren't you uneasy about that child's cough?"

Mrs. Highup: "Indeed I am. If it gets any worse she'll keep me awake the whole night."

"WHAT is the difference between your teas?"

Clerk: "In those of the first quality some bad tea is mixed with the good, and in those of the second quality some good is mixed with the bad."

MISS SPACER: "I suppose when a joke gets into an almanac it is supposed to be old?"

Mr. Scribbler: "Oh, no! a joke cannot really be called old until it gets into a Scotchman."

"I ALWAYS test my poems by reading them to my wife," said the youthful poet.

"I should think that was testing your wife rather than your poems," answered the candid friend.

"I FEEL like a shop with a bargain sale," groaned Tommy, as he approached from the direction of the pantry, the immediate surroundings of his mouth being a suspicious dark red.

"What's the matter, my dear?"

"Jam inside."

"I HAVE but one maxim for you," said a successful and wealthy merchant to a young man who went out of his employ to enter upon the study of a profession, "and that is, never try to save your shoe leather, but always be economical of the cloth that forms the seat of your trousers."

Digitized by Google

PYN-KA

THE WONDERFUL METAL POLISHER

The Lustre Lasts!

Pyn-Ka Leaves no Scratches!

Cleans and burnishes gold, silver, plate, copper, brass, nickel, tin, glass, etc., better, quicker, and at less cost of labour and money than any other polish known.

Paste or tablets, 1d. to 6d. All dealers.

£60

TO BE GIVEN AWAY,

Among those taking part in the following

Free Cash Prize Competition

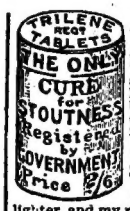
NO ENTRANCE FEE WHATEVER.

1st Prize £25. 2nd Prize £20.
3rd Prize £10. 4th Prize £5.

The above money prizes will be given away as an advertisement amongst the competitors who can rearrange the following twenty-four letters to represent the names of four well-known trades, selected by us.

TUBREHCKAREBROCEGRPARDER.

Send in your solution at once, and we will inform you if correct, and give you full details of the Competition with conditions and date of closing. If you cannot solve all four do as many as you can, as there are four prizes to compete for. No Solution can be received after October 17th, 1898.—Address: "COMPETITION" MANAGER, 117A SEVEN SISTERS ROAD, LONDON, N.



ALL FAT PEOPLE

Readily Reduce Weight and Cure Corpulency Permanently by taking TRILENE TABLETS (Regd.) for a few weeks. They are very agreeable, harmless, and never fail to PRESERVE both HEALTH and FIGURE without change of diet. Reduction begins immediately.

An English Countess writes: "Your *Trilene Tablets act admirably.*"

SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

MISS HEYWOOD, 77 Hindhill Street, Heywood, Lancs., says: "I am 11lb. lighter, and my rheumatism also seems cured."

MRS. WEAVER, of Greenpits Villa, Station Road, Ross, Hereford, says: "Am reduced from 13st. 3lb. to 11st."

MR. CANHAM, 87 Alexandra Road, Norwich: "Tablets cured my wife of extreme stoutness; it has never returned."

LADY CONSTANCE CONRAD writes from Wiesbaden: "I am very pleased with the Tablets."

PRINCESS LIECHTENSTEIN writes from Laudaberg, Austria: "Pray send your excellent Tablets directly."

COUNTESS G. FURSTENBERG, Stammheim, Germany, writes: "They act speedily and well."

MR. BUTLER, Surgeon, Hampton Manor, Evesham, says: "My patient lost more than a stone."

Send 2/6 to THE TRILENE ASSOCIATION 66 Finsbury Pavement, London, E.C.

HAVE YOU SEEN OUR CATALOGUE OF CHEAP CROCKERY? If not, please get a post-card, and send it to THE PEARSON POTTERY CO., HANLEY,

and you will get it by return, together with particulars of the most wonderful package of crockery the world has ever seen.

100 PIECES FOR £1 1s.

A Dinner Service of 50 pieces is included, which is guaranteed to be worth the guinea alone, and a China Tea Service of 28 pieces finished in gold, together with a lot of useful kitchen crockery.

THIS IS THE PATTERN OF THE DINNER SERVICE.

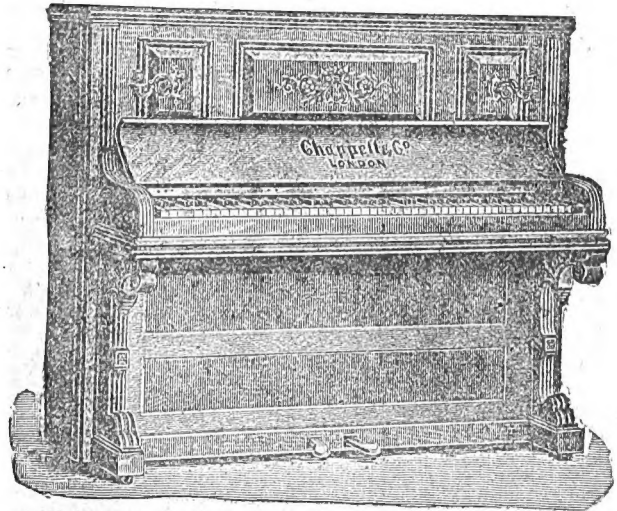
THOUSANDS SOLD ALL OVER THE WORLD.

Post-cards and Letters to be addressed to the

PEARSON POTTERY CO., HANLEY, STAFFS.

CHAPPELL PIANOS.

Estd. 1808.



Estd. 1808.

Their latest creations of High-class English Pianos are unquestionably the finest that have ever been produced either by an English or Continental Maker.

Pianinos, 25 Gs. Full Cottages, 40 Gs. Upright Grands, 60 Gs. Horizontal Grands, 135 Gs.

HIRE OR INSTALMENT SYSTEM. *ILLUSTRATED LISTS POST FREE.*

CHAPPELL & CO. LIMITED, PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURERS, 50 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

Digitized by Google

ON THE BEST AUTHORITY.

T. C. D.—There is no law in Ireland compelling cyclists to light up at all. In Scotland it is half-an-hour later than in England.

J. A.—It is a singular property of all animal bodies that the temperature of the blood remains practically the same, whether the air breathed be that of the Arctic regions or the tropics.

T.—Now that the Congo Railway is completed it is possible to go from Antwerp to Stanley Falls, in the very centre of Africa, in eleven days. The cost of travelling on some part of the new line is rather dear, looking at it from our point of view; the cost is 1s. 8d. per mile.

L. G. B.—The State training of children was in vogue among the ancient Persians, according to Xenophon. Their education was taken out of the parents' hands, and the State looked after the moral training of the children as it now looks after the intellectual training in this country.

MAYOR.—The rock or island on which the Eddystone Lighthouse stands is claimed as the smallest inhabited island in the world. It has a diameter of thirty feet. At high tide the island itself cannot be seen, the waves dashing against the base of the lighthouse. The inhabitants are, of course, the people in charge of the light.

BIRD.—The earliest bird to rise is usually supposed to be the lark, but a French scientist disputed this assertion some few years ago. As a result of long observation, he stated that the greenfinch was the first, and that it commenced business at 1.30 a.m. The blackcap was placed second by this gentleman, its time being one hour later than the greenfinch.

SPOTS.—The white spots on the finger nails are explained thus: Under the nail is a membrane to which the nail is attached. At times this connection is interrupted in places by knots or from other causes, and those parts of the nail accordingly become dry and opaque. The white patch at the base of the nail arises from its being newly formed; it has not yet assumed its proper nature and transparency.

A. G. asks: "Has the amputation of a limb any tendency to shorten life?" ————Excluding the probability that the afflicted person may be more liable to accident, the answer must be given in the negative. The experience of the head of an old-established firm dealing in artificial limbs is directly opposed to the notion expressed in the question; he seems to be surprised at the longevity of the firm's customers.

G. K. — Of European powers, Great Britain has been more frequently at war during the last fifty years, the total amounting to no fewer than forty-one times.

CITY.—The oldest European city in the New World is Cumana. It was built by Diego Castellon, in 1521, and was originally named New Toledo. It stands at the mouth of the Manzanares, on the Gulf of Cariaco, an arm of the Carribean Sea. It was almost totally destroyed by an earthquake in 1853.

A CORRESPONDENT tells me of a curious mistake on a tombstone in the Cleeve Priors Churchyard in Worcestershire. It states that a certain Sara Charlett departed this life in 1693, aged 309 years. Either the 0 or the 9 was cut by mistake. A verse that follows speaks of being taken away "in my flourishing age." Very flourishing, evidently.

H. J. took his annual holiday at Southsea this year, and he writes to ask me if I can tell him how the garrison station forts standing in the sea at Spithead obtain their supply of fresh water.————As a matter of fact, the supply is obtained from wells inside their own walls, which lie under the bed of the sea, and it is said that the water is exceedingly cool and pure.

P. E.—There are two versions of the discovery of the famous Mexican silver mine called Potosi. The Spanish official version is that an Indian named Gualca, having lighted a fire at night on the mountain side, found silver spread all round him in the morning. It had been melted by the heat. He reported it to the Spaniards in the hope of reward. Another account says that he discovered silver by accidentally pulling up a shrub. He kept the discovery a secret for some time, then told another Indian, who betrayed the fact to his Spanish master.

"WHY do people walk so badly?" asks a correspondent. "Even persons who are called 'graceful walkers' do not walk as they ought. Why is it?" ————It is a fact that people of all countries walk badly. Their mistake consists in not having a proper regard for the centre of gravity of the body. This centre should be kept as nearly as possible at an even distance from the ground. Most of us waddle or lurch forward, thus alternately raising and lowering the centre of gravity, and throwing it first to one side and then the other. This increases the fatigue of walking. Care should be taken not to walk on the toes, the heels, or the side of the feet. The foot should be placed flat on the ground, and the ankle, knee, and hip joints should be made to move evenly and to do a fair share of the work.

H. H. asks: "Do animals suffer with seasickness?" ————Certainly they do. All animals, when taken for a sea voyage, become tamer. Monkeys suffer greatly from *mal-de-mer*. Fowls and geese soon become thin, and cocks generally cease to crow. Song birds, too, are affected by the sea, and never sing during a voyage.

T. S.—There is a supposition that the Wettern Lake in Sweden is connected by an underground channel with the German Lake of Constance. This arises from the fact that exactly the same forms of animal and vegetable life are to be found in the two lakes. The Swedish lake was locally reputed to be of such depth as to deserve the appellation of "bottomless pit," but scientists have upset that idea.

D. S.—From old records we can see that Saturday half-holidays were an institution in England nine hundred years ago. King Edgar made an order that labour should cease at midday on Saturday and not be resumed until daylight on Monday. There is a law of King Canute—which does not appear to have been repealed—that says, "Let every Sunday's feast be held from Saturday's noon till Monday's dawn."

SPORTSMAN.—The drug used by the Chinese in catching fish is called *coculus indicus*, which is powdered and mixed with dough, and scattered broadcast over the water after the manner of sowing seed. The fish seize and devour it with avidity, and instantly become intoxicated, and turn up in hundreds on the top of the water. They are then gathered up and placed in vessels containing clean water.

SHORT STORIES' ADVERTISEMENT RATES.

Single column, per inch, per insertion	£0	10	0
Double " " "	1	0	0
Full page inside, facing page of matter, either white paper or 2nd or 3rd page of cover, or back page, per insertion	10	0	0
Half-page " " " ...	5	0	0
Quarter-page " " " ...	2	10	0
Eighth-page " " " ...	1	5	0
Front page, whole " " ...	12	10	0
" half	6	5	0

All spaces above one-eighth of a page are charged at per page rate.

Series discount: 5 per cent. for 13, 10 per cent. for 26, 15 per cent. for 52 insertions.

Black blocks are charged 25 per cent. extra. All advertisements are subject to approval. All copy must be sent in by Noon on Tuesday, Sept. **27th**, if intended for the Issue on sale Oct. **11th**, and dated Oct. **18th**. The Proprietors reserve the right to hold over or suspend the insertion of any advertisement without prejudice to other insertions on order. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly" Offices, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Printed and Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON LTD., at Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Digitized by Google

SULPHOLINE LOTION,

For clearing the skin from Spots, Blemishes, Redness, Roughness, giving a Beautiful Complexion and pleasing appearance.

SHILLING BOTTLES.

A HOUSE FOR NOTHING

50 Guinea Piano, 150 55/- Watches, and Thousands of other Prizes given with Chancellor Soaps, which contain all the natural glycerine and prevent chapped hands. Particulars with each bar. 2½d. and 3d. Cheap for Clothes. Best for Babies. Sample 2 Stmps. C. Chancellor & Co. London.

CHANCELLOR SOAPS

PIANOS. UPRIGHT IRON GRAND.

Complete Iron Frame, Brass Pin Plate, Nickel-bolted Wrest Plank, Check Action, Full Trichord, Full Compass, Riveted Hammers, Handsome Walnut Case, Inlaid Marqueterie Panel, Sconces, Trusses, etc. Tone and touch perfect. Guaranteed 25 years. 28 guineas, at 10/6 per month. Delivered free on payment of 10/6. Approval. Catalogues Free.

ORGANS. GENUINE AMERICAN.

Imported Direct. Solid Walnut Case, Mirror Top, Music Case, 2 Knee Swells, Mouse and Dust Proof, 8 Stops, 3 sets of Reeds. 14 Guineas, at 6/- per month. 10 stops, 3 sets of Reeds, 2 Octave Couplers. 15 guineas, at 7/- per month. Illustrated Lists Free. Kindly mention this paper.

THE LONDON AND LIVERPOOL PIANOFORTE CO., Granby St. & Selborne St., LIVERPOOL.

Agents wanted where not represented.

Try MASON'S

KILLCORN

The only painless corn cure.

IT HAS NEVER BEEN KNOWN TO FAIL.

Thousands of Testimonials have been received from all grades of society.

READ THIS ONE. Painless Cure!

"Leeds, Mar. 17th.

"Dear Sir,—I had three most painful corns, which were PAINLESSLY REMOVED by using rather less than a bottle of KILLCORN. I now walk with the greatest ease.—Yours, O. H. CARR."

KILLCORN is sold by all Chemists, Stores, &c., in bottles at 1s. each, or sent direct on receipt of value in stamps by the Proprietor,

3, Guildford Street, Leeds.

£20

Hairdressers fitted up. Estimates free.

Tobacconists Commencing. See Illd. Guide (250 pages) 3d. How to open a cigar store, £30 to £2,000 **Tobacconists Outfitting Co.**, 186, Euston Road, London. The largest and original house (50 years reputation. Mgr., H. Myers

SILVER QUEEN CYCLES!

Best Value on Earth.

Immense stock of Ladies' and Gents' machines. New and Secondhand. Wonderful bargains. Carriage paid. Easy payments from 10s. monthly, or large cash discount. 1 year's guarantee. Illus. price lists post free on application. Old cycles exchanged. The SILVER QUEEN CYCLE Co Ltd., 221 Tottenham Court Road, London.

PALATABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR COD LIVER OIL.

DEVONSHIRE CREAM

(REALLY GENUINE.)

IN PATENT AIR-TIGHT TINS.

¼lb., 10d.; ½lb., 1s. 4d.; 1lb., 2s. 4d.

INCLUDING TIN AND POSTAGE.

Mrs. CONYERS, Morchard Bishop, Devon.

COMFORT, CLEANLINESS AND CURE

FOLLOW THE USE OF

Dr. PAUL'S WHITE PILE OINTMENT.

Gives ease at once and effectually removes Piles, Cracks, Fissures and Ulcerations. In boxes 1/- & 2/6 each. Post free 1/2 & 2/9

PENN & CO., 89, BLACKFRIARS ROAD, LONDON, S.E.

LOOK OUT FOR

TWO IMPORTANT NOVELS

AND ASK FOR THEM AT THE LIBRARIES.

THE PHANTOM ARMY:

THE STORY OF A MAN AND A MYSTERY. By MAX PEMBERTON.
Author of "Queen of the Jesters," "Kronstadt," &c. Ready September 28th.

Price 6s.

THE ADVENTURES of CAPT. KETTLE

By C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNE (Author of "The Paradise Coal Boat," &c.) Illustrated by Stanley L. Wood. Ready October 5th.

Price 6s.

PUBLISHED BY C. ARTHUR PEARSON LIMITED, HENRIETTA STREET, W.C.

Digitized by Google

'DOLLY' BLUE

Notice.—"DOLLY" Blue is neatly tied in a white bag to a small handle to hold by whilst using. It is the cheapest and best Laundry Blue in the market. "Dolly" Blue is sold by all Grocers and Oilmen at 1d. per bag.

"DOLLY" CREAM & TINTS.

"DOLLY" Cream Colour, for Tinting Curtains, Muslins, Laces, Silks, Blouses, etc., a Rich Cream Shade.
"DOLLY" Tints, manufactured in Six Shades—Pink, Terra Cotta, Old Gold, Heliotrope, Sea Green, and Canary Yellow—for Tinting Faded Ribbons, Laces, etc. Sold everywhere, 1d. per bag. Will wash out when required.

Sample Box, containing Seven Tints, post free for 8d.

W. EDGE & SONS LIMITED, BOLTON, LANCS.

Tincture of Halberis

DOSE: Five to Ten Drops in half a wineglassful of water.

A Specific Remedy for Biliousness, Liver Inaction, Heartburn, Indigestion, Acid Risings, Constipation, Headache, &c., &c. Prices: 1/1, 1/10, 2/8, and 4/9, post free.

GILBERT & HALL,
Homœopathic Chemists,
Bournemouth and Boscombe.

LYLE'S GOLDEN SYRUP

LONGEST ESTABLISHED, PUREST & BEST.

"LOUIS" VELVETEEN

LOUIS XI KING OF FRANCE 1461-1483.

See that the name spelt L.O.U.I.S is stamped on every Yard.

ZEBRA Grate Polish.

In Packets or as a Paste in Tins.